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Send all change of address notices, undeliverable copies, subscription orders and other mail to *Editorial and Circulation Offices:* 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009.

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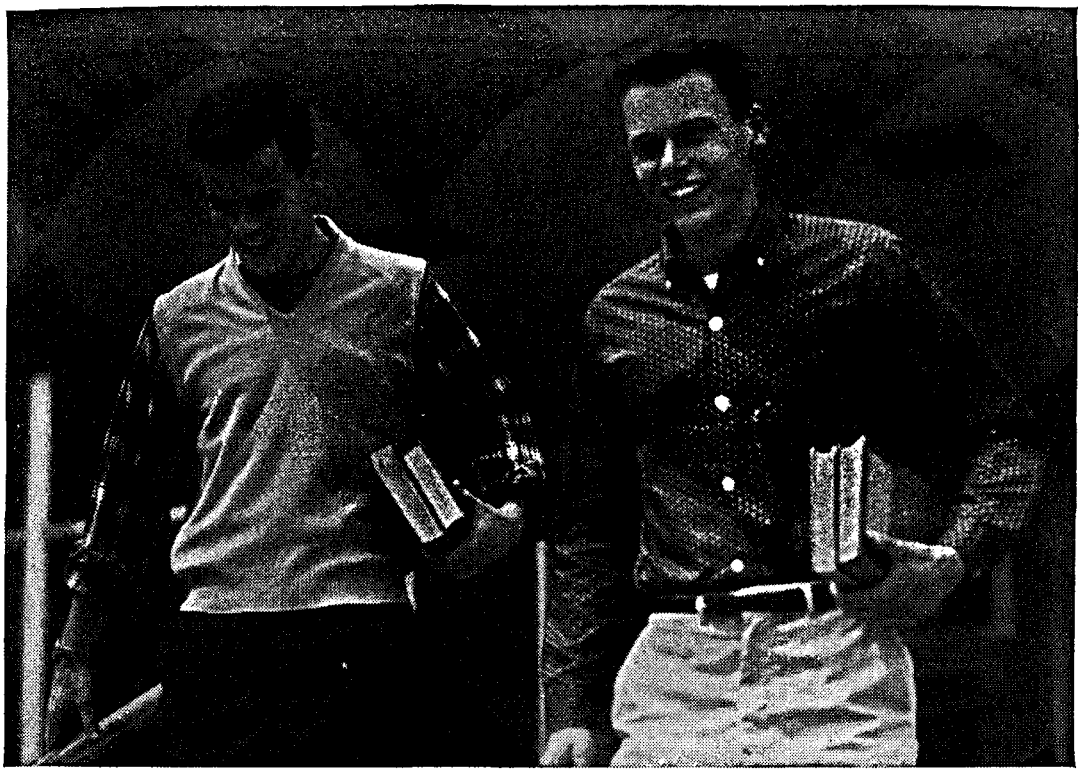

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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(1891-1966)

She was beautiful, she was intelligent, she was sweet. It is required somehow to make these facts, which are one fact, vivid to anyone who did not know her; for she was also an editor and a member of the Van Doren tribe, and these additional attributes spell "professional woman," an ambiguous designation, too often accompanied by some marring of the claim to being a woman.

It was her sweetness through and through that kept the other powerful forces of her character in balance. Not merely kind, but sweet: she had need of this angelic trait in her work—to deal with the army of book reviewers who broke deadlines and exceeded assignments, to soothe the irritable who all wanted the same book and refused the one they really could do; to hold the loyalty of those who first could not restrain their pens, and later their tempers on finding their prose cut; finally to keep her large and mixed circle's friendship and respect, despite the conflicts that prevail in the world of ideas.

Irita might well have believed that there were in truth enough book reviewers in the world, enough novelists, essayists, and scribblers of every species. But no: she scented out young talent and encouraged it. Nobody, in fact, was too young or too old or too far away or too odd, for her to befriend and admire and give a start to, provided he could write. She was full of sweetness, but no one could deceive her as to talent or character. When names came up at meetings of the editorial board, she knew a great many, remembered their fledgling efforts and had already sorted them. She was never sarcastic because she was sweet, and she was not fulsome, because she was intelligent. Her direct words, spoken in a voice

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that was velvety without the intention of caressing, told us what we wanted to know.

No need to add that her tact was instinctive. It was also bold. More than once she dissolved into amity and laughter the antagonisms of minds roused to argument by some chance remark and contending from that worst of intellectual incitements—principle just improvised. On one difficult occasion she triumphed over a repetitious wrangle by breaking in with a bawdy story that was at once apropos and elaborate, not to say long-winded. The strange device delivered its due shock to the logomachists, one of whom could only murmur that the anecdote was not funny. "And neither were you two," said Irita sweetly.

A true womanly woman shines among a company of intelligent men, and Irita enjoyed the homage her qualities inspired. But she managed at the same time to be the friend of her special friends amid the acquaintances. It was no coquettish or flirtatious act but the sincerity of a good mind. She was not Célimène, she was Egeria —though not in Poe's bloodless version. Rather, one kept wishing that one had been her more exact contemporary at twenty-five or thirty-five, or at some earlier time affording long leisure, confident that intellectual conversation with her would have been love-making, and vice versa. To those of her generation that were her loving worshippers she was, quite simply, a perfect heroine out of Meredith. Honi soit qui mal y pense.

J.B.

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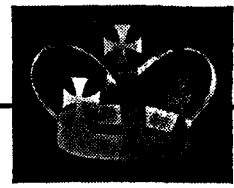

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The first appearance of this column was in the spring of 1955. If my mathematics are correct, that makes just fifty installments including the present—certainly many more than I thought at the time I would, could or, indeed, would be permitted to make. Many readers must have dropped out, and I wonder if any who read the first is with me today.

This autumn I expect to publish another volume of essays including quite a few that appeared here. And since the previous volume borrowed the title *If You Don't Mind My Saying So,* I hope the publisher will accept my suggestion that its successor be called *And Even If You Do.*

If this sounds like the beginning of a farewell I hasten to warn readers that it is not. In that first installment I suggested that Mr. Bennett's famous nudge to his piano-playing daughter, "You have entertained us quite enough for one evening," would be a convenient formula for the editors when the time came for me to bow out. The morning mail has not yet arrived, but thus far I have received not even a hint and I do not plan to quit just yet. It has, nevertheless, occurred to me that the series might be terminated by an event originating beyond the control of either the editor or me. At my age one cannot expect, and I certainly do not desire, a warning long in advance that the bright day is done and that one more of us is for the dark. This may serve as an excuse for a discourse a little more explicitly personal than usual in which I shall make some general remarks about my attitudes toward various things, including my own life and times. Should I disappear suddenly without leaving a testament, the editors might dispose of me by saying simply: "See the issue for the summer of 1967."

I have been tormented by many anxieties, but most of them were needless. I have suffered no great tragedies, conspicuous failures or public disgraces. On the contrary, I have had and got much more of what I wanted than most people have or get. Never having been insatiably ambitious or even normally aggressive, I am not wholly dissatisfied with my unspectacular achievements. I wanted to be a writer and I wanted even more to have an interesting life—in the sense that I myself would be usually interested in it. Both of these hopes have been fulfilled at least to the extent that I ever seriously hoped they would be.

Some years ago one of my acquaintances dropped in upon an aging professor of entomology at the University of Arizona. The old gentleman, who was at the moment pinning bugs in a museum case, looked up and exclaimed: "You know I can never get over my astonishment that I get *paid* for doing this." In a way I share his feeling. For the most part I have been engaged in pursuits that only a small minority of our population would be willing to pay me for following, and yet society (perhaps just because it was too busy and too prosperous to pay attention to what was happening) has somehow maintained me in modest comfort while I made very little effort to please it.

From a purely selfish standpoint I have, therefore, no reason to complain about the

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world I live in. And yet, despite my feeling that my own existence has been, for me, a success, the world of my day has moved pretty steadily in directions that I find distressing.

Most men of my age feel, I suppose, that the world is going down the wrong road. I certainly do. It isn't that I am politically or economically a reactionary. On the contrary, I go along with most of the liberal and welfare legislation. But in another respect I find the world I live in increasingly alien. Those aspects of the physical world that make me happiest are certainly disappearing as a result of industrialization, exploding population and urban sprawl. To my mind, New York has become almost a horror; Arizona, vastly less attractive than it was fifteen years ago. The latter's willingness, its eagerness even, to cloud once pure air with smog, to expand two cities in a most helter-skelter way, to be greedy for money at the expense of most other contributions to the good life, is typical of the country as a whole, and public figures, who once seemed to set themselves against all this, yield to political necessity and come out in favor of it. To me it seems that most of my fellow citizens are crassly and cynically materialistic while most of the intellectual minority, which one might expect to oppose them, is nihilist—interested chiefly in destruction and violence, in non-art, non-music and non-painting. Philosophy is bent on destroying itself as it becomes Logical Positivism on the one hand or Verbal Analysis on the other. The persons who appear most likely to shape the future are the scientists and technologists who, as in a recent issue of the SCHOLAR, tend to agree that all the culture of the past is irrelevant, and that the world should, and soon will, be a science-fiction writer's dream. Thus the physical, intellectual, aesthetic and moral world in which I want to live seems to be disappearing.

The death wish is perhaps among the more dubious creations of psychoanalysis. Although some people do seem to seek self-destruction, the notion that it is an element in all men is harder to demonstrate. But a case could certainly be made out for the contention that modern man as a race has the death wish. Otherwise he would not be marching so resolutely toward literal extinction. But what impresses me most is not this wish for literal death in individuals or in society, but the desire for another sort of death that manifests itself so consistently in man's thoughts about himself. Can anyone deny that for at least a hundred years we have been prejudiced in favor of every theory, including economic determinism, mechanistic behaviorism and relativism, that reduces the stature of man until he ceases to be man at all in any sense that the humanists of an earlier generation would recognize.

I am not unaware that I enjoy many conveniences and comforts unknown only a generation or two ago. I realize also that if it were not for recent advances in hygiene and medicine, I would probably be dead. And yet, although I consider this last fact a boon so far as I am concerned, I am not sure that it is such for mankind as a whole. The population increase is responsible for a number of the other developments I deplored in the preceding paragraphs, and a curious characteristic of our society is the antithetical attitudes of the two major sorts of intellectuals. Scientists and technicians tend to be optimistic and to predict a glorious future. The most esteemed and perhaps the most talented writers portray the present as ghastly and absurd and they can have little hope for the future since the source of their despair is not economical, political or technological but what they regard as the radical meaninglessness of the universe and, therefore, of human life.

Some will, no doubt, insist that this difference in mood means merely that science and technology represent the maturity that intellectuals of the other sort are unwilling or unable to understand or to face. But although I do not share the view of the universe held by so many contemporary intellectuals, I find it hard to believe that technology will be applied successfully to the solution of what seems to me the most serious of the threats to a better (or even a reasonably good) life for the future. I am

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ready to believe that smog, pollution, the horrors of war, and so forth *could* be controlled by technology just as the population explosion could be controlled by the means already at hand. But I see little indication that any of these things will be done since mankind as a whole, so bold in its attack upon the problems of achieving more speed, more power and more wealth, is very timid in its attack upon any of the other problems—partly, no doubt, because any such attack seems unfavorable to the increase of speed, of power, of wealth, or sometimes of all three. People demand high-speed automobiles no matter how dangerous, and economists tell us that our prosperity will collapse if we do not maintain sales by giving people what they want. Thoreau said "one world at a time," but we would spend billions on an attempt to go to the moon while being very careful not to pay the price of pollution control—especially any price that includes outraging those most responsible for pollution. We have a crash program for getting to the moon, but there are always people of influence to urge slow-moving caution when it comes to regulating any of the forces that are destroying the healthfulness as well as the beauty of our country.

Tennysonian optimism—"Oh yet we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill"—is very old-fashioned indeed in terms of what Tennyson was hoping for. But it is precisely what technologists say in their different way when faced with the threats they have created. Sometimes they go even so far as to be sure that "somehow good" will be the final goal of atomic fission, although, so far, it seems the greatest disaster of modern times. And it takes a faith at least as strong and as gratuitous as Tennyson's to believe that.

Security depends not so much upon how much you have, as upon how much you can do without. And that is true for society as well as for the individual. Every technological advance is also a hostage to fortune. And the more we teach adjustment, group activity, getting along with the group, and so forth, the less any individual is prepared for the time, so likely to come in any man's life, when he cannot or will not call upon group support. Ultimate security for him depends upon the ability to stand alone or even just to be alone. Belonging is fine. But to belong to anything except oneself is again to give a hostage to fortune.

Many of those who do profess a faith in the somehow good would be willing to grant that the benefits of what they call progress are often not entirely unmixed, that we make one step backward for two steps forward as when, for example, automobiles pollute the air and good roads destroy the charm of the countryside. In other words, the Emersonian law of compensation works in reverse. For every gain there is a loss, and to me one of the most depressing aspects of this truth is the fact that a moral step forward seems so often to be accompanied by another step backward.

Most of us are shocked and almost incredulous when we read how common it was throughout most of history for armies to pillage and massacre whole populations as, for example, the Crusaders are said to have done when they captured Jerusalem. Quite a long time ago we stopped regarding things like that as normal procedure. We don't put the inhabitants to the sword anymore. Or rather we don't when we can see them face-to-face. But, of course, military necessity often compels us to do the same sort of job quite as effectively from a few thousand feet up, although the man who drops the bomb can't see his victims in the way a Crusader saw the woman or child through whose body he thrust his sword. This seems to me a wonderful example of committing one of the oldest sins in the newest kind of way, and I do not see how the most enthusiastic proponents of the theory that technological advance is an unmixed blessing can deny that only technology has permitted us to put a city to the sword without quite realizing what we are doing.

Not only technology but much of the so-called science of man seems to be leading us toward less and less interest in and less and less awareness of that inner life of which only the imaginative writer now seems to

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recognize the importance or even the existence. If the extremists are right and consciousness is a mere epiphenomenon, then we may gradually lose it and become, in fact, that man wound up like a watch which Thomas Henry Huxley said he was willing to become. Something like that may just possibly be what happened to the insects when they became so efficient that they no longer needed to think, even at the level of the lower organisms, and became, instead, efficient machines with, perhaps, no consciousness at all. Perhaps the obsession of the *avant-garde* with violence and unreason is a desperate effort to retain a hold upon something violent enough to prevent the lack of awareness.

The fact that I have led a reasonably satisfactory private life in a world that I find increasingly unsatisfactory raises in an unexpected way the whole problem of free will or, in more concrete terms, the question of whether or not man is, as he tends increasingly to believe, controlled by forces outside himself. My own paradox—a satisfactory life in an increasingly unsatisfactory world—suggests to me a kind of answer.

I think that man is free to make those choices that can be made without reference to the way in which society is evolving but that neither he nor, perhaps, collective humanity can resist the tendency of society to be molded by processes man cannot control. When Emerson said that things are in the saddle and ride mankind, he did not mean that we must let them do so. But that is exactly what the Marxists do mean when they talk about society as the product of evolving technology, and I think that there is a good deal of truth in the contention. A Thoreau can go to Walden Pond and (as he said) refuse to live in the bustling nineteenth century. But he could not have prevented the nineteenth century from bustling. The paradox is somewhat like that of the unpredictable atom and the predictable behavior of any large aggregate of atoms. We can predict with considerable degree of accuracy how many people will go to the seashore on a day when the temperature reaches a certain point, even how many will jump off a bridge. And although I am not, nor are you, compelled to do either, the statistics show that the group considered as a whole—like the group of atoms in a physical object—must obey the laws it does not formulate. That is why I believe that, although man's individual potentialities are much greater than commonly assumed today, he will probably not realize most of them, at least in any near future.

I think that I understand quite well what Natalie Barney wrote to Marguerite Yourcenar in a letter of which a fragment was recently published. It translates something like this:

> I tell myself that you are lucky to have lived during an epoch when the idea of pleasure was still a civilizing idea (which today it no longer is). I am especially pleased that you have escaped the grip of the intellectuals of this half century; that you have not been psychoanalyzed and that you are not an existentialist nor occupied with motiveless acts; that you have on the contrary continued to accept the evidence of your understanding, your senses, and your common sense.

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The Crisis in Biology

GEORGE GAYLORD SIMPSON

A FEW YEARS AGO I overheard two clever young instructors talking about courses they were giving in genetics. One said, "I don't mention genes until the last part of the course." The other rather scornfully said, "I never mention genes at all." Around that time one of their elders was developing and publicizing a new course in general biology in which, as he boasted, organisms were not talked about until the second term, and then only as if they were the test tubes in which chemical reactions take place.

When bright young biologists speak of genetics without genes and wise old biologists of life without organisms, it is evident that something peculiar is going on in the science of biology, so peculiar that "crisis" is not too strong a word. I would diagnose this as combining monomania and schizophrenia. These ailments are rarely fatal, but they are seriously disabling. Fortunately, for biology recovery can be predicted. In fact, I think that recovery is now under way. The cited instructors and professor, so anxious to be in the scientific *avant-garde,* are already out of date unless, like many of their colleagues, they now have changed their minds.

What those teachers were reflecting and what led to the crisis was, of course, the splitting of biology into physical, chemical or molecular biology on one hand and organismal or evolutionary biology on the other. Even so, that would not have been more pathological than any other of the inevitable specializations in science if it had not somehow inspired a missionary fervor for molecular biology as *real* biology, the biology of the future, and so on, along with scorn in some quarters for organismal biology as passé and currently sterile. Those attitudes were intensified by recent successes in studies of nucleic acids—a point that becomes

✪ *Geography and Evolution* is GEORGE GAYLORD SIMPSON's most recent book. Mr. Simpson is Alexander Agassiz Professor of Vertebrate Paleontology in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard University. This essay is based on a lecture delivered at York University, Toronto, Canada.

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almost comically ironic when one recalls that it was the organismal, not the molecular, biologists who discovered the roles that the nucleic acids play in organisms, their great importance in all living systems.

Although the split in biology eventually came to center on the nucleic acids, the various DNA's and RNA's, or to be symbolized by them, it had origins in attitudes and philosophies long before those molecules were even known to exist. It is not true that molecular biology is a new science, which has taken over (or could conceivably take over) where evolutionary or organismal biology leaves off. (For that matter, of course, it is not true that evolutionary biology *has* left off!) The oxygen cycle in both animals and plants was already well known in the eighteenth century, and the origins of molecular biology could be traced even further back. It had already long existed as a specialty when it entered a new era by Wöhler's synthesis of urea in 1828. Evolutionary biology hardly existed before 1859. Thus molecular biology is, in fact, older than evolutionary biology, although it is true that some organismal aspects of biology antedated them both. One would expect that the older molecular biology and the newer evolutionary biology would advance hand in hand once the latter arose. The fact that they did not do so seems downright irrational in retrospect. It is this that leads to the partial diagnosis of biology's ailment as schizophrenia.

I have said that monomania was also involved, and this comes in on a philosophical basis. Science, strictly speaking and in the modern sense, began its development only about four centuries ago. It was not an outcome of such earlier vagaries as astrology or alchemy, or even of the earlier useful arts or technologies, although at first it borrowed some concepts and techniques from them. It was largely a reaction against pseudosciences, antisciences, subjective philosophies and theological authoritarianisms. Haltingly at first, but finally decisively, it achieved an objective approach to the study of the universe. It developed the formation of hypotheses by induction from repeatable observations and the testing of those hypotheses by deduction of other, also repeatable observations. The latter observations were predicted, and if the prediction was confirmed, the conditions involved in it were taken

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as explaining the outcome. This attitude toward science led to the conclusion, or rather it seemed to require the assumption, that the physical universe is materialistic and mechanistic, that as we observe it, it operates by natural, invariable laws unaffected by the immaterial or the supernatural.

As this new philosophical view of the universe developed, biology was at first excluded from it. It was felt, indeed one can fairly say that it was observed, that living things are radically different from nonliving, that life involves something more than is found in nonliving matter. It clearly embodies physical phenomena, to be sure, but in some way it also transcends them. One aspect of that opinion was that organic compounds were believed to originate only in living systems. Wöhler's synthesis of urea, although in fact somewhat equivocal, made that view untenable. Now we know that organic compounds, even the most complex of them, can be synthesized outside of living organisms and do not involve any chemical principles different from those in inorganic compounds. That and subsequent related developments led the physical scientists, the biochemists, eventually the molecular biologists, and the philosophers of science to bring biology into the naturalistic world view earlier reached by the physical scientists. Most of them did so not by expanding that view to include the special phenomena of life but by assuming that those phenomena are not really special and can be reduced completely to those of the physical sciences. That attitude, dating from more than a century earlier, was expressed anachronistically in 1965 by an eminent biochemist as follows:

> For biology, generally, probably the most important single conclusion reached to date is the conviction that living systems *do* indeed obey the physical and chemical laws that govern the rest of the universe, that the detailed working of the living organism *is* amenable to exploration by physical and chemical probing, and that the properties of living organisms are *totally* comprehensible in chemical terms. [Italics as in the original.]

No biologist could now object to the first two clauses of the conclusion; nowadays they are practically truisms. Only the last clause confirms the diagnosis of monomania: comprehension of living organisms is to come from chemistry and *nothing else.*

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Those who shared that view maintained that it is required by the nature of science, that to admit anything more than chemistry into biology is to return to biology's prescientific phase, when organic compounds were considered impossible of inorganic origin and life was viewed as a transcendental mystery not amenable to scientific analysis.

When those philosophical attitudes were forming and hardening, the principal opposing argument was that living things do exhibit phenomena that had not been reduced to a chemical or any other strictly naturalistic basis. That was believed to be especially true of the seeming purposefulness of organisms, the fact that all of them are clearly and intricately adapted to their environments and their ways of life. The *operation* of those adaptations might conceivably and as an extreme possibility be explicable in entirely naturalistic terms (even so, not exclusively chemical), but how on earth could one explain their *origins* except by some vitalistic or supernaturalistic cause?

It was Darwin who essentially solved that problem, although it took some time for his solutions to be generally accepted. He proposed a purely naturalistic process, natural selection, objectively known to occur and now (a century after Darwin) fully demonstrated to suffice as an explanation of adaptation, of apparent purposefulness, of teleology in biology. One would think that this would enable biology to enter at once into the naturalistic world picture alongside of the physical sciences, and that conclusion has been reached by almost all evolutionary biologists. Curiously enough and tragically enough, however, the incipient rift between what we now call molecular and evolutionary biologists thereafter tended more to widen than to close. Evolutionary organismal biology requires amplification of the philosophy of science to include its special features. It is not reducible to a philosophy taking account only of the physical, nonbiological aspects of the universe. The principles of evolutionary biology do not contradict anything in physical science. They do go well beyond the principles inferable from nonliving atoms and molecules, but without becoming anything other than naturalistic. The contrasts are of literally vital importance and will next be specified and briefly discussed.

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First, the nonliving systems studied by physicists and chemists are simple. They involve few kinds of materials and few variables. Such systems as occur in nature are still further simplified in the laboratory by restricting the variety of materials (such as atoms or particles) and controlling variables. The very simplest living organisms (I exclude viruses from that category) are enormously more complex than any inorganic system. Organisms do in fact have characteristics and processes that do not occur in conjunction in nonorganic materials and reactions. Those who believed in a vital, nonmaterial element peculiar to organisms were quite right to this extent. But they were wrong as to the nature of the element. It is organization. It is the complexity and the kind of structural and functional assembly in living organisms that differentiate them from nonliving systems.

There is a hierarchy of complexity that runs from atoms through molecules, cells, tissues, organs, individuals, specific populations, communities and comprehensive ecological systems to the whole realm of the organic and its environments in space and time. The lowest level that has all the basic properties of life is the cell, and biology, strictly speaking, covers the levels from there onward. (Since biology is the study of life, and molecules, as such, are not alive, the term "molecular biology" is self-contradictory.) Each level of the hierarchy includes that below. Knowledge of included levels is necessary but is not sufficient for complete understanding of those more inclusive. This may be clarified by an analogy. To understand a TV set we need to know the structure and properties of wires, transistors, tubes and so on, but we also certainly need to know exactly how those components are connected to each other, how they interact, and what the total result is—things we could not possibly infer from any amount of knowledge of the separate parts. And a TV set is incomparably, almost inconceivably simpler than a bacterium, a rose or a man.

That works both ways. Knowledge of molecules is necessary but not sufficient for understanding of cells. Knowledge of cells is also necessary but not sufficient for understanding of the molecules in them. Although we should be wary of partial analogies, the TV analogy still applies here. You cannot understand a transistor, indeed its very existence becomes incomprehensible, unless you

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know what function it fulfills in an integral electronic system. Intracellular chemical reactions would likewise be incomprehensible and also would not exist if it were not for their roles in the life of the cell and the organism as a whole. And that is true both up and down the hierarchy, from an atom to the whole of life and back again. It is ridiculous to base a philosophy of science or a concept of scientific explanation wholly on the nonbiological levels of the hierarchy and then to attempt to apply it to the actually biological levels without modification.

A second contrast is that the physical sciences are for the most part typological and idealistic. I mean by that, that they usually deal with objects and events as invariant types, not as individuals with differing characteristics. They generally define objects and events by idealized specification of what they have in common, not by a description of what each really is. For example, all atoms of a given isotope are assumed to have precisely the same properties; they are examples of a type, not individual things. The geometrical lines and curves of physical analysis are ideas, not anything existing in the real world. Light, as studied in physics, is either a wave or a particle, or both, or perhaps neither. In any event, it is a type that cannot be described even as an idea in noncontradictory terms. Representatives of types considered invariant as such, molecules in a gas, for example, are understood to vary in their states, such as direction and velocity of motion, and the applicable physical laws are taken to be statistical. That is not done in order to account for their variations, but in order as far as possible to cancel them out in the face of what is considered an indeterminacy inherent in the nature of the universe.

I do not question that such approaches and their philosophical implications are appropriate to the current state of physical science. They are therefore also appropriate to the subbiological levels of the hierarchy of organization. They are definitely *not* appropriate for phenomena special to the biological levels. Organisms are not types and do not have types. They are individuals and no two are likely ever to be exactly alike. Their diversity is not incidental, not interpretable as deviation from a norm or type. It is part of their nature as organisms, a universal and necessary phenomenon of living things at the populational (or specific) level.

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If organisms did not vary, and had not done so for some billions of years, they would not exist at all. Statistical methods are also widely used in modern biology, but not as any counterploy against an immanent indeterminacy that makes their properties or activities inherently statistical. In biology statistics are used chiefly in these ways: to describe and measure individual variation and general organic diversity; and to infer characteristics of variable populations from samples and define the confidence that may legitimately attach to such inferences.

A third major contrast between the physical and the biological sciences is that the physical sciences are nonhistorical for the most part. There are certain exceptions, for example, historical geology, which is usually classed among the physical sciences, but almost the entire content of physics and chemistry has no historical element. The characteristics of objects and forces studied are those considered immanent in the universe, that is, built-in and unchanging. Gravity, for example, exists regardless of past, present or future; it has no history. Similarly a chemical reaction, even though it proceeds in time, is completely devoid of a history; it always has and always will occur in the same way under the same conditions.

It is that lack of any historical factor that makes observations in the physical sciences indefinitely repeatable, that makes exact predictions possible, and that makes prediction and explanation simply different ways of looking at the same conclusions. Philosophers of science have repeatedly insisted that these principles apply to science in general, including biology to the extent that it is "really" a science. These principles do apply to biochemistry and even to molecular biology if those subjects are pursued without reference to cells, organisms or populations, but that is because biochemistry and molecular biology are not biology at all if they are pursued in so narrow a manner. Biology that is truly such, that is, a study of living things, inevitably and always has a historical factor, and the physical principles of repeatability, predictability, and parity of prediction and explanation do not apply to the historical aspects of biology.

Organisms, of course, have various characteristics in common, in degrees varying from such minimal resemblance as between,

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say, a man and a Sequoia to the maximal resemblance of identical twins. Nevertheless, no two organisms, not even identical twins, are exactly alike. Each is the product of a history both individual and racial, and each history is different from any other, both unique and inherently unrepeatable. These aspects of biology deal not with the immanent, the inherent and changeless characteristics of the universe, but with contingency, its states, fleeting and in ceaseless change, each derived from everything that went before and conditioning everything that will follow. The possibilities of prediction are loose and limited, in principle because contingent states are unique and never exactly repeated, and even more so in practice because the historical antecedents are enormously complex and practically unknowable in complete detail. These facts also rule out the parity of prediction and explanation. Part of the explanation of what an organism is obviously depends on what its ancestors were, what changes have occurred, and why and how. This is explanation after the fact, a posteriori, or by what has been called postdiction. It is quite different from prediction, and the possibilities of prediction in an evolutionary sequence are decidedly limited. Thus principles firmly advanced as applicable to the philosophy of science in general are not in fact applicable to some of the most important aspects of biology. In this crisis surely it is obvious that the solution is not to restrict the scope of biology, practically excluding its most characteristic and most important aspects, but to broaden the scope of scientific principle and philosophy.

That is even more strikingly brought out by the final contrast between physical and biological science to be discussed here. The physical sciences have rigidly excluded teleology, the principle that the end determines the means, that the result is retroactively connected to the cause by a factor of purpose, or that usefulness is in any sense explanatory. In one of its most limited and vulgar, yet most widespread, forms, this became the belief that the earth and all that is within it were intended for the benefit of man. The physical sciences had to discard such ideas completely in order to become sciences and to exclude superstition. But it is just here, as I have already mentioned in passing, that biology most clearly started on the way to a crisis.

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In physical sciences it is not legitimate, indeed it is downright silly, to ask what things are for or what good they are. The question "Why do hydrogen and oxygen combine to form water?" can be answered legitimately in terms of nuclear structure, valence, bonds and other immanent properties, but not in terms of function or usefulness, not, for instance, by saying that water is formed in order to slake thirst. But in biology it is not only legitimate but also necessary to ask and answer questions teleological in aspect, concerning the function or usefulness to living organisms of everything that exists and that occurs in them. Again the insistence by many biochemists and molecular biologists that the antiteleological philosophy of physical science be applied also to biological science meant rejecting the most characteristic and important aspects of that science, widening a foolish rift, and contributing to the crisis.

In biology it still is incorrect to say that water is formed in order to slake thirst. It is, however, correct, meaningful, necessary, objective and scientific to say that animals drink water in order to slake thirst, that their digestive systems and enzymes exist and operate as they do in order to supply materials and energy, and the like. The structures and processes of organisms are useful, they perform functions, and they would not exist or occur if that were not true. They can never be understood or explained by the most complete and exact specification of the chemical reactions involved. Those reactions themselves are meaningless except as they relate to the organisms and populations and ecosystems in which they occur.

It is of interest to note, more or less in passing, that the science of psychology has sometimes suffered from a similar schism. On one hand are behaviorists, brass instrument or physiological psychologists, descriptive and objective but in a typological and idealistic way, intentionally ignoring individuality, personality, historical factors, purpose, and teleological aspects of psychology. They virtually exclude the psyche from psychology, and their understanding and explanation of what they observe, being limited to the physical level, are grossly incomplete. Yet for a time and in some quarters, this necessary but insufficient approach was considered the only adequately scientific one, just as extremists among

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biophysicists and biochemists have claimed a monopoly on scientific biology. In psychology as in biology, the limitations of such an approach are transcended by an organismal science (although the psychologists do not call it that), including clinical, individual and introspective methods, with attention to personality, histories, variation and teleology.

Returning to biology, recall that molecular biology is older than evolutionary biology. Nevertheless, evolutionary biology has more rapidly approached the solution of some of its most essential problems. In view of the hierarchy of organization, it would seem logical that investigation start at one end, and probably the basic physicochemical end, and thence work toward the other. As a matter of fact, that is not what has happened. The study of evolutionary biology at the organismal and populational levels did not wait on knowledge of its molecular substrate and was far advanced before the latter caught up. Darwin took it as a fact that populations include variant individuals and that some, at least, of their variation is hereditary. That is indeed a fact, and on that basis Darwin could erect a valid, although admittedly still somewhat superficial, theory of natural selection without knowing how heredity occurs or how variation arises and is perpetuated. Absence of that knowledge was, of course, a limitation, as was felt by Darwin. He proposed a hypothesis on heredity and variation that has turned out to be completely wrong. The interesting point here is that those errors did not in the least vitiate the theory of natural selection as far as Darwin had carried it. Its main features did not and still do not depend on the genetic substrate.

Nevertheless, some knowledge of that substrate was necessary in order to understand the mechanisms of natural selection at a more basic level and to refute certain apparent alternatives. That knowledge was largely provided starting in 1900 with organismal or, as it is usually but somewhat equivocally called, Mendelian genetics. As a matter of fact, most of the early organismal or Mendelian geneticists, up to about 1930, misunderstood the bearing of their discoveries on evolution and specifically on natural selection. Correct understanding came later with the extension of genetic principles to the next higher, populational level of the hierarchy. Here again the processes could be worked out in great

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detail at those levels without awaiting increasingly belated knowledge of lower levels. Interpretation was in terms of the gene, which was then an operational concept, the whatever-it-is that produces observed effects in organisms but whose own physicochemical nature was unknown.

The organismal observations further permitted working down to the cellular and organelle levels but not until much later to the molecular level: it was established that genes, as usually defined, reside in chromosomes and have a determinable linear sequence in them. Still without knowing what the substance of heredity actually is, many of the most important then outstanding problems of evolutionary biology could be largely solved on that basis and at those levels. For example, the processes of variation and selection were greatly clarified and extended in detail by determination that the units of heredity are discrete (nonblending), that they nevertheless form an interacting whole, that the origin of hereditary variation is in gene and chromosome mutations and recombinations, and that genetic equilibrium is maintained by random breeding and changed by selective breeding.

Finally studies of heredity and development from cellular to individual (organismal) levels indicated that nucleic acids are implicated in transmittal of heredity or, in one variety of recent jargon, of information. With that clue, the biochemists and molecular biologists took off, and the rest is history.

The demonstration that evolutionary biology had reached many of its goals before molecular biology caught up may seem to contradict the thesis that understanding and explanation at any level of organization involves other levels both above and below. What it indicates is that there are processes characteristic of a given level and that they may, indeed to some extent *must,* initially be studied at that level. It is only as such processes become known at their own level that fuller understanding and explanation can be achieved by reference to other levels. Then the physical workings, the mechanisms involved, can be clarified by reduction to lower or more basic levels, especially from populations and individuals to molecules. At the same time, the significance of the molecular level, the origins and functions of the chemical substances and reactions involved, can finally be ap-

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proached through composition to higher or more complex levels, especially those of individuals and populations. That is where we stand today, and that is how the crisis in biology can be and is being resolved.

The justly heralded recent accomplishments of molecular biology that are also of greatest interest for evolutionary biology are especially: first, determination of the structures of nucleic acids, DNA and RNA; second, methods for determination of amino acid sequences (primary structures) of peptides, polypeptides and proteins and the determination of a number of such sequences; and third, determination of the equivalents in nucleotide and amino acid sequences, or of the so-called nucleic acid codes. The interest of these discoveries is, of course, that a gene turns out to be a segment of DNA and that its primary function, or, at any rate, one of them, turns out to be the specification of the sequence of amino acids in certain large molecules. In these activities the gene, if you like, or the DNA, if you prefer, has two major functions. First, through its capacity to control its own replication it passes on to offspring cells and offspring organisms its specifications of amino acid sequences. Second, by means of those specifications and through interactions with other molecules and structures in the cell it influences not only the development but also the developed physiology of the organism.

Those discoveries are a great accomplishment, and the biologists and chemists involved can certainly be forgiven for exaggerating their importance or the distance gained toward a significant goal. That they have learned "the language of life" has a certain, quite limited metaphorical sense. That DNA is "the secret of life" is less true (as one of the stormy petrels of biology is wont to say) than that life is the secret of DNA. DNA crucially affects the cell in which it occurs, but its action is equally or more affected by that cell. Life has many secrets, and it is not yet clear how far this takes us toward the greatest of them.

Even if DNA is the language of life, we are not yet reading it. It is as if we had finally learned an alphabet, with some minor uncertainties, and perhaps could read a word or two, here an "and," there an "or." That is still a childish accomplishment and a very long way from reading a message. When finally we can read, we

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can proceed to the real questions: whence came this message and what does it mean?

Now the fun is over and the hard work begins. Now we must try among other things to learn what the messages are and how, so to speak, they are read by the organism. Some of the many profound mysteries remaining in genetics can be exemplified on both the molecular and the organismal sides. Is it conceivable that simply specifying a set of enzymes suffices to direct the formation of a tree or a man? It is not conceivable to me, at least. There are points, sometimes ignored, that excite curiosity. Development starts with a cell already highly organized and containing much more than DNA, or than the whole DNA-RNA-enzyme system. The DNA is necessary, but it surely is not sufficient. Even so, there seems to be too much DNA, more than should be needed to specify the primary structures of the proteins present. Is some of the DNA simply superfluous or sitting around in case of need? Evolution does not act that way at organic levels. Why should it do so among the molecules? Or consider some of the findings of organismal genetics. Genes are known operationally that modify or even eliminate the wings of flies, but no one really knows what causes flies to have wings in the first place. Or take the human disease with the interesting name of phenylketonuria, apparently due to absence or faulty specification of an enzyme, although I believe that its proper specification is unknown. One result is mental deficiency, usually extreme. The absence of an enzyme accounts for the deficiency, but certainly the presence of that enzyme does not account for normal intelligence. What does? The fact is that we do not know. We really do not have the least idea, because simply to say that normal information in inherited DNA results in normal intelligence is to conceal ignorance, not to dispel it.

From here on the molecular biologists have a lot of interesting but plodding work to do in accumulating more knowledge at their level, just as the evolutionary biologists, although they are further along, still have at their levels. For both, however, the exciting thing now is the connection among levels, both up and down, both compositionist and reductionist. That is what makes the plodding worthwhile and will finally add functional significance to catalogued facts.

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One line of connection has already been suggested. Working upward from molecules, we need to know to what extent DNA really does specify the kind of organism that will develop and how these specifications are carried out. Very little progress has been made with those problems, but hopes can be high. Working in the other direction, we need to know where the information came from, why it is there. Obviously, this cannot be solved at the molecular level, because unless events there are countered by other factors, they tend inexorably to loss of information and the breakup of the organized system. We do already know where the information comes from: the factor that both counters the molecular tendency to lose information and produces information is natural selection. This operates primarily at the level of populations. How it operates involves also individual organisms, organs, and so on downward or inward. It involves molecules also, and among these specifically DNA, but the connection here has not yet been made in any but the most superficial way. The contributions of DNA studies to *biology* (that is, to comprehension of the life of organisms) are still more potential than actual, but surely they will come.

The fact that the contributions of DNA studies to the mainstream of biology are still largely unachieved is not always admitted by the more conservative molecular biologists. One of them recently claimed for that field the recent discovery of feedback in individual physiology and in teleological aspects of evolution. Although some of the jargon now used is fairly recent, the phenomena here in question were made known by organismal and evolutionary biologists more than a century ago: individual feedback especially by Claude Bernard and population feedback especially by Charles Darwin. It is, in fact, just the role of DNA in these phenomena that is not really clear, and it is here, in bringing DNA and other molecular studies into the whole biological picture, that the potentiality of those studies becomes important.

The increasing incorporation of molecular biology into the main body of biology proper has another currently fascinating aspect. That is the evolution or phylogeny of certain macromolecules and organic reactions such as hemoglobins, cytochromes, insulins, nitrogen excretion reactions, and an increasing number of

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other molecular families and cycles. Up to now the molecular biological side of such studies has mostly been descriptive: determination of differences in primary structures of molecules or in metabolic pathways in various species. Such interpretation as has been achieved is so far mainly effected by inserting these findings into phylogenies reconstructed by organismal biologists on nonmolecular evidence. The results are still quite restricted, partly because of a certain natural tendency for biochemists to carry over the typological premises of physical sciences into this inappropriate field. The data are inadequate; for instance, a single individual may be taken typologically to represent not only a whole species but even a whole order or class. The processes of evolution in populations are often misunderstood; for instance, there has frequently been an assumption that an individual molecular mutation magically forthwith characterizes a great systematic unit, completely overlooking the necessity for it to spread in populations. There are problems from the other side, too, for evolutionary biologists often do not know and occasionally do not care about the increasing interest of molecular biologists in evolution. Nevertheless this rapprochement is occurring, and as it does the crisis is passing.

At this happy juncture, the most important thing is to retain or, where necessary, to recover a proper balance of biological levels and specialties in teaching and research. There are fads in teaching as in so many aspects of life. So we may find elementary students in mathematics being taught set theory rather than arithmetic, which is old stuff but all the more necessary for that, after all. Or biology students may be taught recent and esoteric bits of biochemistry but not the systematics, physiology and ecology of organisms. In research, too, fads may prevail for a time, especially if staff and facilities are limited. The fad attitude may suggest that some field is now dull and should give way to another where there is an exciting breakthrough. In some quarters that was, of course, the reaction to the DNA breakthrough. That breakthrough, however, is now over, and we need not worry much about the imbalance that it caused. The next breakthrough, to call it that, the one now in progress, is between molecular and evolutionary-organismal biology, to the great benefit of both.

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Emily, Alison, Jeanie. And Joan.

'Αγησιχόρα . . .

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

Each
so alive with
wind at skirt or curl,
knees, a nice rhyming,
every last girl,
girl of every season
in the changing park,
each? On a date with
marble and the dark?

Vague and
blue April—
love a touchy thing!
Summer: grinning sunflowers
scuffle where they cling.
Autumn: fern lash on
cheek a
wild-honey glow—

January, what of her?
Dim, in the dim snow.

April,
if you kiss, no
bird in bush or hand.
August: salt lips that
scour like sea sand.
Autumn: grain swaying in
arms that gather
rich
and slow—

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January, what of her?
Blind, in the blind snow

Take to bed
April,
and clown away despair.
Summer: such surfing in
crop of seaweed hair!
Autumn: at dawn all
offered, soul aglow,
eyes' amber dance, fern
curling, head to toe—

January? that girl—?
In the lost snow.

April lovers,
hush them
with a lark in view.
August, by a raw cove
where the coots halloo.
Autumn of the
slow gold
where the hazel shucks are thick,
poppy lips parted
by a bristled
rick—

Crisp: the world turning
whets an edgy air.
Breath of frost? Soon. . .
somewhere
off
there.

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These knees,
October,
these to blanch and go—
she,
our warm breather,
wade the waste snow?
Not a shrub? Nowhere,
love, to lie
low?

Girl
of every season
in the changing park,
each
on a date with
marble and the dark?
Each
so alive with
wind at skirt or curl,
knees, a nice rhyming,
every
last
girl
?

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The Academy: Its Covenant and Dream

R. J. KAUFMANN

LITERARY SCHOLARS seek ways to utilize the past. Although uneasy under its pressure, they spend endless hours behaving so as to guarantee those pressures will be intensified rather than diminished. They are often men with a native talent for forceful decision; in ordinary life they are touchy about all that is unclear, irresolute and prevented from logical fulfillment. Yet their scholarly practice contradicts the very conditions for decisive choice; for choice is made psychologically significant more by the infinitude of possibilities choosing negates than by the one thing the choice accredits. Ignoring this, literary scholars ransack the past for issues heavy with conflict, for situations that do not readily permit subordination of many of the constituting elements. They have an appetite for moral confusion. These scholars, however, know that intelligence is a form of skilled forgetting, and critical intellect a talent for ruthless subordination of all that is incidental, all that acts to blur the patterns of those things they seek called truth and beauty. Strangely, the more determinedly scholars enact their preference for these finely intelligible qualities, the harder it becomes to find certain instances of them. Since they read much, scholars know that triviality is not a recent human discovery, any more than is stupidity or the brutal ardors of ignorance. We human beings produce a very high incidence of forgettable goods. But scholars are reluctant forgetters: tenacity, obsessiveness, hardy monomanias run in their blood. They sense what George Santayana meant when he said, "Those who will not learn from history are forced to relive it." But, if they are honest, they will puzzle whether Santayana's words are better understood as a warning or

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as an all-purpose epitaph for mankind; for the more keenly attentive one is to the record of our common past, the more obvious it becomes that we human beings are tardy and reluctant learners, hoarders of the irrelevant, suspicious of redeeming as opposed to distracting novelty, burdened by our talent for repeatedly buying the same pig in marginally differentiated pokes—one might say, in dispirited moments, a species uniquely qualified to depress the prospects of retrospectively curious posterity.

From such a description we could conclude that the literary scholar is a highly developed cultural instrument designed to maximize frustration and estrangement and one all too clearly of masochistic bent. Being unsatisfied with the stockpile of troubles mounting in the present time, he is obliged to borrow further troubles from the past. Strange creatures these—best left within the sanctuary of the academy and entrusted with nothing more crucial than shaping the intellects and moral dispositions of our most gifted young adults. But, clearly, while these things I have been saying are meant to be true, they lack a context, and the most useful quality of the literary scholar is an imagination for context. One way of thinking about literature—and throughout I intend by literature all verbal works of high imaginative integrity, Plato's *Republic* or Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* just as much as Shakespeare's *Macbeth* or a poem by Yeats—is to see that the work itself devises a context for the insights there being processed, and that this artfully formed context itself grows within a concentric system of contexts: autobiographical, social, cultural, temporal and metaphysical. Camus makes a wonderful remark at the end of his parabolic novel, *The Plague:* "We seek a happiness that forgets nothing." He does not mean, by this, uncritical retention of all the discrete swirl of imposed experience, but rather the will to seek out and then to act from an uneditorialized agenda of the inner and outer forces that actively bear upon us. He means, virtually, that a responsible human self can be arrived at only through a willed attentiveness to our psychocultural past, to our context as the historical species, man. Hence mature literary scholarship is a diagnostic pursuit, an investigation and analysis of our common condition. Socrates' great axiom, "An unexamined life

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is not worth living," is inscribed over the entryway into the serious scholarly world as surely as Dante believed "Abandon ye all hope who enter here" to be the label over the gateway to Hell. Unfortunately, I must add, these two statements, although far from identical, have elements in common. To be truly attentive to non-theoretical human behavior over the centuries, is no diet for those who prefer their optimism neat. In accord, then, with these precepts I ask: "What is the context of the contemporary literary scholar?"

The literary scholar's immediate context *is* the academy. How is this first environment to be understood? It is important to be clear on this at the risk of rehearsing the obvious. With the exception of a negligible number of free-lance biographers, wealthy bibliophiles and higher journalists, all contemporary literary scholars in America automatically work in the academy. Hence, there is a certain restlessness among professional scholars which leads them to change from academy to academy with considerable frequency, and there is also a special variant of inner emigration on campuses themselves—seasonal threats of departure, isolation of factions from one another, self-rustication on the part of individual scholars from their co-workers in the faculty. This activity might best be described as the simulation of fundamental choice through lateral traveling, since one of the determinates of this restless stirring is the absence of any larger possibilities of choice. American literary scholars are of the academy, and few have any awareness that it might be otherwise. This is simply not the case in all countries, and it has certainly not been true in all historical periods.

It is a truism that a bombed-out cockney carves out a garden plot amidst the dingy rubble; human beings import into a circumscribed locale any and all things that make it imaginatively habitable. Many academies are to a degree physically isolated. They need to be, for serious thought is partly a screening process, like sleep. To perform either, one must rule by many devices against the intrusion of distracting stimuli, and both tend to be done best away from direct light. Clarity, like sleep, is often achieved by resting at the right distance from events as from ob-

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jects. Insofar as they are critical instruments through which a culture strives to test the validity of its current table of moral and intellectual priorities, academics must build a figurative moat around themselves. There is no easier way than to revert to the pastoral mode, place their physical selves in a park, encourage forgotten habits like strolling, diminish industrial noise, let trees grow tall and throw all impressions into the softer ambiguities of the shade. Here academics promote the sense of care for all those crucial elements of human life that, although strong enough, are largely immobile and nonpredatory. It is thus no accident that trees and green grass are associated in the human mind with non-acquisitive thought. Lessing reminds us that "people are inclined to cease to think at the point where thought begins to be difficult; but it is just there, that thinking begins to be fruitful." A disturbing stillness and obscurity mark the phase of emergence of things that grow. The academy rests on the twin, and not wholly compatible, assumptions that thought is natural *and* that it is difficult. You'll notice the botanical metaphor that inheres in Lessing's statement: thought when it abides its hard and natural course has a natural outcome, is *fruitful.* I will return to the matter of its proper fruits later; now something more needs to be said about the ecological niche of the academy.

Academics are right to isolate themselves to an extent. It is even arguable that power to delineate themselves physically is the enabling warrant of their meaningful existence. Within commonsensical limits, traditional town-gown antipathies are nothing more than proper friction declaring that this severance has been effected and is being maintained. As Nietzsche says, "Error is the parent of all vitality"; a degree of misunderstanding is productive. It keeps language sharp, but better still it indicates that some minds are not acquiescing in the local variants of cultural naïveté, whereby we confuse current practice with natural law. To be misunderstood is not *ipso facto* good, but to be so placed that a certain amount of misunderstanding is inevitable is a symptom of a deeper good, and the symptom should not be treated through a preference for superficial amity, lest the condition that prompts the symptom be thoughtlessly compromised. The issue

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can be formalized thus: an academy is obliged to respond to something close to the *latent* dream of which the general culture is the *manifest* dream. The academy generally, and each individual academy particularly, so far as it is vital, recapitulates or miniaturizes the full range of ideological choices and social pressures of the society of which it is an expressive part. Thus, through the mentalities of its members, the academy not only incorporates fashionable modes of inquiry and maintains perennial ones, but it is also a place where hardy stupidities are dignified with the best arguments they are likely to find; students commune with the inner secrets of prejudice, not merely react against them; irrationalities can be cultivated at less than mortal cost; and undervalued and recessive aspects of the full human repertoire can be aired and tested. Like the groves with which it is conventionally associated, academe is a place of shadowed figures, positive gloom, filtered and dancing light. It is wrong to suppose that the pursuit of enlightenment takes place where enlightenment, as defined by current formula, is always and already present. Things being thus, the academy has a peculiar mandate that is tightly aligned with a fundamental perception of the constitution of freedom. This constitution is perhaps first appreciated through scholarly—by which I mean scrupulous and imaginatively responsive—study of the literature of the past. Need I add that the practical past ranges back from yesterday, not from 1875 or 1910 or 1789?

The richest sense of human freedom grows paradoxically from recognizing how much we citizens of here and now are intimately conditioned products of the past. Study of the literature of the past shows that a relatively small span of the entire spectrum of human possibility is emphasized and regulated by any one society, or in any one era. One way of making the distinctive style of an era or a culture intellectually appreciable is to establish which among many human potentialities an era or culture chose to actualize and, hence, to recognize thereafter as constituting human nature. An aroused sense of the *exotic,* of that which is significantly "other" from us, demands, when enlightened by historical sense, a two-level perception: we see and treat the exotic ones as greatly different from ourselves *and,* beneath the shaped differences

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of their world view and folkways, their image-configurations and canons of taste, we see their "otherness" as meaningful only because we realize the same, common fund of humanity has here been given another of its many stabilized forms. Academies, practically, affirm that there are different ways of articulating a program of moral gesture. The cultural conditioning that slowly delivers these variations has proceeded through many interludes of controlled choice. Human freedom declares itself by the pragmatic evidence of its self-conditioned variety.

A responsible academy is very far from being an "Ivory Tower" in the degrading journalistic sense, which I take to mean a polished and fragile place disastrously cut off from the labor and delivery rooms of squalling reality. To the contrary, the academy is a seminary or nursery of multiform awareness. Its responsibilities merely begin when it plays a healthy supportive role to the immediate needs of the society of which it is a part. It nurtures scholars in the arts and in the sciences. Unlike many humanists, I am fascinated by high science—its inner elegance, its boldness, its constant self-revising capacities, its alertness to the arbitrary nature of its own procedural axioms. With few exceptions, the best scientists are seasoned residents in the climate of the true academy.

Painful to relate, it is often the literary scholar who offends against the inner warrant of his own freedom in the academy, and mistakes the physical environment for the virtues it is designed to nurture. The besetting sins of the literary scholar in the academy, as with sins usually, are closely tied to his conditioned preferences. Many literary scholars look upon the academy as a refuge from a contemporary life that they find graceless and unsympathetic, a world too large, too noisy, fantasy-ridden as many societies have been, but with a unique technological apparatus for enacting these fantasies until they supervene between the fantasy-engineer and his clients and seminal realities. Many literary scholars use their classrooms and their typewriters to strike out with puny and offended irony against a contemporary world they fear, and make a snobbish virtue of not understanding. Their recourse, curiously, is to contrive a surrogate "contemporary world" by an assiduous

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reconstruction of some *belle époque* to which they inwardly emigrate: France of the *ancien régime,* Regency England, fifteenth-century Florence, Jeffersonian Virginia are esteemed destinations for this league of psychosocial antiquarians. Perhaps, such transplantations are as harmless as they are frequent. Certainly, I neither scorn nor wish to persecute such careworn and pedantical annotations of nostalgia. A good academy is a mansion with many rooms. Such behavior, however, affords no instances—inspiriting or otherwise—of the basic academic freedom I have chosen to discuss. The literary scholar who takes up quasi-literal citizenship in a different temporal locale, breaks the covenant between the scholar and the true academy, for effective critical practice can never be reduced to only *one* mode of allegiance. Besides, it is not easy to defend such behavior against the implications of George Orwell's statement in his classic essay, "The Prevention of Literature": "Freedom of intellect means the freedom to report what one has seen, heard, and felt, and not to be obliged to fabricate imaginary facts and feelings."

The typical sins of the academy are intellectual timidity, runaway gentility and repression of the unmanageable and the distasteful under a flimsy veil of uninformed irony. Common to these vices is a substratum of fear and, perhaps deeper still, a special layer of that tragicomic vice, *jealousy*—here encountered in what might be called its *cosmic* guise. Since my primary concern is for the academy's inexpugnable obligation not only to defend but to nurture the true freedom of its members, and since I am speaking of freedom not as one does in the realm of positive law, but as something that is closer to a cultivated talent than a definable entity, a brief excursus on this matter of "cosmic jealousy" is required. Santayana advised us "to practice politeness in the universe." It would be good to know how this is to be done here and now, and done with lucidity and conviction. Cosmic jealousy may be antipathetic to this desired "politeness."

Metaphorically, we sometimes imagine ourselves to occupy a delta in the river of time, feeling that our present sustenance grows from the slow sedimentary accumulation of all that has been washed down the river to be deposited here. Deltas are notably

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vulnerable to the aggregated consequences of earlier events in the hinterland that is for us our past; moreover, here at the delta the river loses its obvious unity, it carves many lesser channels wandering and redundant. And the delta, however large and variegated its terrain, bears a connotation of finality, for here the journey ends. Hence a sensitive knowledge of the past carries with it a flavor of superfluity for us who live here "at the end." Deltas literally stink of mortality, of decomposition, and are themselves ambivalent evidence of the life-from-death dialectic of nature's metabolism. In short, we imagine ourselves as temporally marginal.

Thus, for example, Shakespeare's *Hamlet* speaks direct to our condition. Why? The latent metaphorical landscape of Hamlet's mind in the most esteemed of all soliloquies, "To be or not to be," can be inferred through Hamlet's implicit appeal to the ancient figure of King Canute taking "up arms against a sea of troubles." Hamlet, driven out of the circumambience of conventional awareness by the injunction spoken from out of the past by his father's ghost intruding into the present, rightly sees himself as forced to improvise an existence on the fringe, the seashore of the insular perceptual life that remains the habitat of the other members of the Danish world. Once understand the metaphoric substructure of the play, and it becomes quite logical that Hamlet's moment of illumination comes when he is literally "at sea" and from a dream at that. It is next door to literal to say that Hamlet embarked upon the sea of troubles that the others merely repressed, and that there he found *his* answer. You'll recall, too, that the one person in the play as deeply torn as Hamlet, but without his heroic resources, Ophelia, sinks beneath the water, weighed down by her conventional clothing as by her careworn conscience. Perhaps not everyone should be pressed to acknowledge the vital relevancies of the past.

In such basic metaphorical worlds as *Hamlet,* what I earlier called—borrowing from Freud's analytical model of dream structure—the *latent dream* as opposed to the elaborate and confusing world of the *manifest dream,* the careful literary scholar can learn to read the pattern of forces that press in on us. What J. H. Hexter

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has called the "fabric of imperatives" varies crucially from era to era, from culture to culture, indeed, within ponderable limits, from sensitive individual to sensitive individual. The responsible literary scholar acts from a mandate, self-imposed and culturally covenanted, to search out and to respect the *latent dream* shaping the responses of articulate spirits in each time and place, including his own. He asks himself, as he watches, what is the fabric of imperatives in this instance? Thus, he answers to the primary obligation of his role, that is, to nurture the powers of his own and other's imagination. By imagination I mean something very different from free-roving fantasy. Imagination is the capacity to accredit the independent validity of others' lives, others' conception of what is imperative—to imagine, in short, the independent reality of other beings. This is what literary scholar-teachers study and teach. The mortal enemy of this nurturing tolerance and vital sympathy, of this capacity for an adequate decorum of politeness in the universe, is what I have labeled *cosmic jealousy*. This concept can help us orchestrate into intellectual harmony the range of problems I've been addressing: a proper academic freedom; contemporary life on history's delta; and the demerits of an ironically ruled fringe life for the academic literary scholar.

Jealousy is a radical deformation of the imagination and can be directed destructively toward life itself. It is airless, and expresses an inability to realize the true nature of possession. Hence, in jealousy, the victim in his deformed state unwittingly envies himself in his natural or confirmed state. Within jealousy, one is incapable of knowing that one already possesses what one seeks, and hence one redirects critical energies to gain possession of that which one already effectively possesses. We can study the fatal paradigm of this in Shakespeare's *Othello,* where the hero's defect of imagination obliges him to extinguish the source of his own faith, Desdemona, because another part of his nature, the Iagoish, sterile, lonely and dictatorial part, wills out of existence that which exists for him *only* if he has the courageous imagination to perceive it. Camus distilled the essence of jealousy when he called it the malady "of the lonely that is to say of the ignorant heart." When we speak of Othello's ignorance it is at this level we are

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moving. There is a clear sense in which the play *Othello* is a definitive study of suicide, through an anatomizing of the suicidal passion, jealousy.

In the French dramatist of the absurd Eugene Ionesco's *The Killer,* we have a quasi-allegorical exploration of cosmic jealousy directed toward the very terms of life itself. *The Killer* is an elegant dramatization of the modern fascination for death under the illusion that we are seeking passionately after *life,* as if we did not possess it already. Nietzsche, in his *Thus Spake Zarathustra,* foresaw much of this, when he remarked that "Everything that is thought about a great deal is finally thought suspicious." Scholars often think a great deal about life, hence life is finally suspect. If man is defined by his obsessions, we in the academy who are disciplined to our obsessions, who plot and ponder the course of our common life, its functions and its flavors, can end up aware of the many things human life has been and hence can be. With this knowledge can come a brand of cosmic jealousy, a radical incapacity to live in imaginative congruence with the confusing present. Jealously we hunger after the very thing we possess—*life,* which our learned perception of the constitution of human freedom teaches us can be so much greater, so very "other" from what we have.

The modern Everyman, Ionesco's meager protagonist in *The Killer,* a man of wispy hopes, a walking anthology of fragmented knowledge, certain only of the fact of his yearning, not of its possible content, searches for "The City of the Sun," an unlocatable place of luminous order of which he has overheard rumors, and for the actual existence of which he can discover no confirmation. The very weight of his uninformed hopes grows too much for him, until face to face with the idiot, "Killer," he succumbs saying, "Maybe it is we who are wrong to want to exist." As one reads through the deliberately bewildering manifest action of the play, slowly the realization dawns that it is the very homeless and urgent quality of the protagonist's hopes that creates the Killer. The Killer *is* nothing less than the hero's troubled sense of his own historical redundancy, of his own helpless ignorance, his own inability to possess his own life. His fatal inner exhaustion is the end

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term of his cosmic jealousy. This play directed to contemporary man's imaginative disjunction from the present is, like *Othello,* a study of suicide.

It is quite illusory to suppose that we live on the decaying delta of the river of time. We conjure up our own metaphors for our own needs; they need not wholly rule us. It is illusory to suppose that academies, placed wisely in their leafy groves, are therefore essentially discontinuous with the body of actual experience; it is quite illusory to suppose that literary scholars best serve their function when they snobbishly emigrate inwardly to hypothetically better epochs. A literary scholar in the academy is a special kind of writer who does much of his "writing" orally, before attentive and questing minds in the form of lectures and pondered discussions. What Orwell said of other "hired" writers applies exactly to him, "He may distort and caricature reality in order to make his own meaning clearer, but he cannot misrepresent the scenery of his own mind: he cannot say with any conviction that he likes what he dislikes, or believes what he disbelieves. If he is forced to do so, the only result is that his creative faculties dry up."

In our ideologically shrunken public environment, we scholar-teachers are plainly hobbled; many of us retail the noblest sentiments of the past without conscious hypocrisy, but we speak and act without that special freedom that is fostered by a convinced sense that the past is vitally continuous with the present and with the evolving future. We speak and think much of academic freedom, but we do so altogether too unilaterally. Nearly always we mean that the administration is obliged both to forbear from interference itself and to protect us from state legislators, vigilantes of the provincial press and all those nervous authoritarians who are belligerently convinced that Copernicus was quite enough, Darwin a subversive and Freud and Marx *plastiquers* run wild. This obligation of good academic administrations is categorical. But there is another side to the matter. André Gide wisely said, "It is easy enough to gain freedom; what's hard is to endure it." How well do we literary scholars, we academics, bear our freedom?

My argument stripped clean says this: for scholars in the

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academy, like charity, clarity begins at home. We have our own inner thought-police, our own astigmatisms, our own cosmic jealousies to combat. Dostoevsky delivered this challenge: "One must be a great man to be able to hold out against commonsense." Few of us seek to be "great men," and it would be silly to campaign for a literal rendition of Dostoevsky's statement. Still, it is a fact, literary scholars are studious connoisseurs of those who, living in opposition to commonsense, have been sources of uncommonsense in their turn. Some of this rubs off. Commonsense married to superficial historical knowledge indicates that as possessors of the H-bomb and ramifying missile-systems, we are likely doomed as a culture; commonsense married to historical knowledge suggests that we live in one of those intervals of imaginative acquiescence; the latent dream of our contemporary culture betrays a taste for self-destruction and only a very pallid countervailing confidence that we can shape a future at once secure *and* richly significant. Humbly, I suggest that recognition of the suicidal latent dream of our culture is in itself enough to animate our role. The literary scholar in the academy has the means through his training and can readily find the will to keep alive viable, inspiriting alternatives to the oppressive commonsensical consensus that our survival depends on uniformity, on gross loyalty, on habituation to a diet of self-confirming public rhetoric. Literary scholars are often satisfied to describe themselves as custodians of the past, as if the past were some mentally deficient ward and they its patient keeper. Keepers are seldom conspicuously freer than their wards. We literary scholars might better identify ourselves as voluntary citizens of the academy where by preference we light or relight many little candles rather than curse the darkness.

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Cupboard Love

NORMAN JACKSON

Conscious of my father's rage,
I try to be his only son
And imitate his failures.
As a child,
He had the gift of flight,
But ulcers and the twenties
Shot him down.
I have known him different,
The time the nazi
Punched his brother up off Scapa-Flow,
He then refused his food
Till Wednesday
And fed the dead, abstaining.
Forgive me
If I write his praise too low.
At times, we have as children
A need to demonstrate our love
Our act of flight,
In little words, to little things
We like.

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Speculative Equations: Poems, Poets, Computers

HOWARD NEMEROV

THE THEME I WISH TO DISCUSS—Poetry in the New World of Machines—appears to have two main aspects, one specific and one general. The specific one, the question whether machines can write poetry, does indeed look new (although only when first asked) as well as faintly silly; it is tempting to say that the mere possibility is excluded forever by a prophetic remark Yeats made in a diary kept during 1909: "Nobody running at full speed has either a head or a heart." But any prolonged inspection of the question opens out upon the ancient, fascinating general problem of the relation between the mind and machines, the relation characterized by Jonathan Swift as The Mechanical Operation of the Spirit; and from the contemplation of that general question one returns to its particular present application to computers and their artistic or scholarly uses with, after all, one or two things to say. So that is the course of the following observations: from the specific and new to the general and traditional and then back.

I have come across a couple of newspaper reports telling how scientists have programmed computers to do poetry. How serious the scientists were in this project didn't appear very clearly from the newspaper reports, which have a deadpan way of dealing with the wonders of science, a neutral expression that can be taken for reverence if things turn out well or for irony if they don't. In one such instance the scientist protested—although it didn't visibly need much protesting—"I still don't like poetry. I did it as a demonstration to show what this machine will do." The machine

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would do a hundred and fifty poems a minute, which is enough, I would hope, to make any sorcerer's apprentice stop and think.

I didn't keep or copy out any of that scientist's results, which were not exactly memorable. But I remember programming my own computer to do literary criticism, and in just under a tenth of a second of study it was able to tell the scientist: "You are writing your poems on a late Victorian computer."

So there is one of the difficulties. Supposing it to be technically possible to make a computer write what will technically pass for poetry, we have still to ask about the poetry it grinds out with such frightening industry and at such tremendous speed whether it expresses the soul of the computer or the soul of the programmer, not to mention the degree of his literary sophistication, or in very truth the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come. The answer in the present instance is easy: if you bring to the computer a vague belief, derived from memories of high school, that poetry is made mainly of words like *ethereal, refulgent, cerulean,* and so on, the computer will faithfully reflect your belief even while varying the relations of your vocabulary enough that you may be able to suppose it is really writing the poems. The same holds true if you believe that poetry is made mainly of words like *pimple, snot* and *turd.*

But the answer may not be always so easy, as I shall try to show by extrapolating from this instance a hypothetical instance, or model, in which the computer is given more of a chance—is given, in fact, every chance. I suppose as follows. I put into my computer a vocabulary of, say, two hundred words. Because I am a dour and gloomy fellow, this vocabulary is heavily weighted toward the pessimistic end of the spectrum of feeling, and has ever so many words like *cold, bleak, despair, loss,* and so forth, and relatively few words like *joy, kindness, light,* and so forth. I also provide the computer with certain rules of combination, grammatical, metrical, and, if I want to be very fancy, alliterative and assonant. Then I turn it on, and it rapidly prints out several hundred poems before I have the presence of mind to turn it off. Now I have to read my results, or its results, which takes a good deal longer; for even if I have programmed it to a certain level of what I consider good taste, so that

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it has rejected a large number of its products, there will still be a great many left over. Most of these seem nonsense to me, even though as the provider of the vocabulary I might be thought to have a predilection for any poems using the words I favored. I warn myself to go slow, however, because some of the effect of nonsense comes from the fact that the computer is set up to do only essential poetic relations and not full sentences, so that its results appear rather like a literal English rendering of a Chinese poem before the translator has supplied the linkages proper to English.

Suppose now that I finally come across something that seems to me very grand and moving indeed. The computer has written:

> Night blindness world.
> I darken in.

I respond with sympathy and a sharp pencil, and see that the machine's intention is to say:

> Night is the blindness of the world;
> I darken from within.

Never mind just now whether literary criticism would certify these phrases as the real thing; the point is that I am moved by them, I say them over to myself for days, they yield that troubled exaltation that for me has always signified the presence of the real thing—I have still to ask myself what has happened, what is the nature of the transaction that has taken place among myself, the computer and the language.

I provided the machine with a basis for making statements, and in doing so predetermined to a certain extent the range of its feelings. But within this range it is the machine, and not I, that has produced a statement that, let us suppose, I do not think I could have made up myself, a thought that I had not thought before and which overtook me with that sense of recognition that for Keats characterized the highest poetry.

The instance, I repeat, is hypothetical. But supposing everything to turn out as I have said, the result is remarkably like the process of poetic composition as we know it quite apart from computers: the poet combines in various ways the familiar materials of the world-in-language, and once in a great while he surprises him-

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self, or it surprises him, with thoughts beyond the reaches of his soul. The self, working happily along with its rhyming dictionary, is suddenly invaded by the Other, the Outside, and it is tempting to believe that the computer has acted here as the true agent of poetry however named: inspiration, the Muse, trance, ecstasy, the Holy Spirit. I observe, however, that it still takes a human being to decide that in one instance out of hundreds this is what has happened, for I assume that the computer has not been programmed to be moved by its own poetry, or even to read it with the highest discrimination. And I observe also that there is no guarantee that other human beings would agree in being moved by the lines; that too is rather like the situation in poetry at present.

Leaving that fictive instance now, I turn to my second example, which concerns the use of computers for studying poetry. Under the headline COMPUTERS TURN TO POETRY STUDY: Milton's Influence on Shelley Appraised Through Tapes (New York *Times,* September 11, 1964), the essential claim is reported as follows:

> The diction of Paradise Lost was organically used in Prometheus Unbound and its presence can be detected only by techniques beyond unaided human capacities.

Heaving mightily, this mountain produces the following mouse:

> Through his computer studies, Professor Raben believes he has produced a new understanding of what the poets were trying to say. He believes that it has never so clearly been shown before that what Milton is saying is that God is good but that man's inadequacy brings his doom; man knew no wickedness, then he meddled, and learned of sin and death.
>
> Shelley, Professor Raben believes, is saying according to the computer studies, that man is good but that God created an environment where man has difficulties; that if there is love in human environment then all man's experiences will be better.

Perhaps one's most charitable response to this trivial nonsense is to think that the reporter must have got it all wrong, every word of it; that must happen as often as not. But how dreadful, to have to rely on newspaper accounts for so much misinformation on so many things you have no chance of testing out for yourself.

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Even supposing the Professor's computer had produced, instead of this series of sophomorics that contrive somehow to be simultaneously platitudinous and inaccurate*—you would almost certainly fail a student who deposed in that manner about either poem—something quite revolutionary, what then? For whatever it says is beyond question by "unaided human capacities," including in this instance, I guess, the unaided human capacities of Milton and Shelley. And if traces of Milton's influence on Shelley cannot be detected without a computer, are they in fact there?

The question whether the influences are there invisibly is the kind of question Galileo opened up by training his telescope upon the heavens and finding for science, as Hannah Arendt says, its Archimedean Point. But there is a peculiar poignancy to this application of the question, for what will become of people who sit down to read poetry with techniques beyond unaided human capacities? Will they not be in peril of pride, and liable to treat the rest of us with superb scorn? Will the computers learn to sorrow and delight? More importantly, will poetry, for so long the illuminating witness of familiar nature, now retire into the invisible and problematic realm of inferred nature†, exhibiting, so to say, only its subatomic properties, and these only to the readings of a machine under the prompting of an expert?

I mean to say that the example appears to me as a parody of

* In general, I find, scholars in the humanities who apply to computers tend to get carried away by enthusiasm or else slightly fuddled by the heady atmosphere of "Science," so that they neither make the best claims for their results nor produce the best evidence for those claims. Witness the following unexplained sentence in the report of a computer's study of the Baconian authorship of The Plays: "It ruled out Bacon as the author but was unable to say flatly that Shakespeare wrote the plays either." Surely, if this means anything whatever, it is the ancient and feeble academic joke that says The Plays were written either by Shakespeare or by another man of the same name. Witness also the following: "From the study has come new understanding, for example, of what St. Thomas meant when he wrote the Latin word 'virtus.' In English the word means 'virtue,' which is understood to mean self-control. But Father Busa said that computers had found that St. Thomas intended the word to mean strength or driving power." I had supposed, and continue to suppose, that this revelation reveals a simple fact that cannot fail of being perceived and understood by a beginning student of St. Thomas or for that matter of any author whatever writing in Latin. One assumes the machines can do more, and better, than such examples show; but there remains considerable doubt just what it is. (These examples were supplied me by the kindness of William G. Mount, News Bureau Supervisor of the IBM Data Processing Division.)

† The antithesis of familiar and inferred nature is from Owen Barfield. See *Worlds Apart, passim.*

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scientific understanding, as false science and misdirected scholarship; in effect, as idolatry. And when I say "idolatry" I am compelled to see that what this sort of thing offers its priesthood is not a new dream in the least, but a very old one indeed, the dream of divination and esoteric oracular utterance, not from the flight of birds, the entrails of animals, or the cracks on the shells of tortoises, but from the more prestigious authority of the machine and the language of numbers.

But to see this is also to put away one's indignation and even acknowledge a remote sort of sympathy. For whatever its particular folly in this instance, the dream behind the professor's attempt, like that behind my hypothetical attempt to write poems by computer, is the ancient and heartbreaking dream of poetry itself, to persuade an indifferent and mighty Nature to respond to the human, as it does in these absurdly lovable lines of Shakespeare:

> For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
> Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
> Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
> Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
> (*Two Gentlemen of Verona,* 3.2.78)

My two examples, with what I have said about them, have put me in difficulties. For my own wish would be to say flatly that poetry is an intimate, a vital, secret of the human spirit (if not of another also), and that consequently, no matter how sophisticated the procedures to be developed, poetry written by a machine will always be inferior poetry and imitation poetry, whether it imitates a particular poet's style or merely a vague idea of "poetic" style in the mind of the programmer.*

But the logic of the argument, while it doesn't altogether forbid my saying some of that, warns me that the development of the theme is by no means simple or to be handled by a flat No any more than by a resounding Yes (it is worth noting that these two responses alone are shared by the mind and the computer: the

* This is not to say that computers, even present ones, "can't write poetry." For nine-tenths of the poetry in the world, past and contemporary, is of a dullness and mechanic servility so appalling that if it has to be written at all it certainly ought to be written by computers, although only on condition that other computers be instructed to read it.

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power of being on or off but not between). To see this development clearly it will be useful to stand well off and take a fresh look.

Our ideas of what poetry does and how it does it split into two substantive positions, usually identified with the names of Plato and Aristotle. The main point of contention—whether poetry is good for the citizenry or not—doesn't concern me here, but a subordinate and related difference does, for the argument about the morality of poetry rests in part upon a difference of opinion between Plato and Aristotle as to how poets do their work. On this question, Plato is quite explicit: the poet must be in ecstasy, literally outside himself, his own spirit replaced for the time by that of his god, who dictates the words. Aristotle is so thoroughly of the opposite persuasion that he doesn't even deal with the question directly; but everything he says in the *Poetics* simply assumes our agreement that the poet is a rational and conscious craftsman, a working member of the polis for whose citizens he writes plays characterized by constructive thought. Of inspiration, or possession by a divinity, I believe nothing is said.

Now this disagreement can never be settled conclusively in favor of one side or the other, and I do not mean to debate it now. All I mean to take from this passing reminder that the disagreement exists is the somewhat surprising conclusion that the computer, which one would have thought should be on the side of rational constructiveness, turns up not on that side at all but on the other, the side of Plato, where the poet is regarded as oracular, vatic, not speaking so much as spoken through by something other than himself. This Other has usually been thought of as a divinity, the Muse, the Goddess, the Holy Spirit, God telling the prophets what to say: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee. And the spirit entered into me when he spake unto me . . ." (Ezekiel, 2, 1-2). But in point of the poetic function of this Other, it may make little or no difference whether we characterize it in human, divine or cosmic terms, as a person, as the wind, or as a machine—all are equally names, metaphors for something mighty and secret—for the sole requirement of the Other is simply to be other, hence to guarantee that the poet shall express

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not his silly little personal consciousness but the vast consciousness open to the Other.

The idea of the Other is a somewhat dangerous as well as a tempting idea, magical, religious, superstitious, according to your point of view. Even supposing that poetry represents a connection with the Other, and that such a connection might be made by means of a computer, we should still have the same problem about the Other that the Church had with Joan of Arc: admitted that she had made her connection, was it with the right party? Alternatively, we may believe that this connection, this idea of a connection, is neither with heaven nor with hell, but is merely the ultimate refinement of the solipsism from which we have no escape but by delusion into illusion; however that may be, and leaving the question open, I am compelled to conclude that in both my examples, grotesque and parodied as they seem, the computer stands for the Other, the Outside, or our delusion concerning it. In the first, hypothetical example it makes the programmer surprise himself, in the second it makes a professor of English preen himself upon being put in possession of knowledge no human being could have gained by himself. On the evidence of such powerful impositions I may not simply dismiss out of hand the computer's pretensions to poetry, but must turn instead to ask why such a relation should ever have come up at all and become a subject of interest; what is the real nature of the combined affinity and antipathy between the various arts and machinery?

For many people, caught in an unexamined romanticism, the idea of art is utterly remote from the idea of the machine; any hint of mechanism, formula, device, in the art work is repugnant to them in their blessed simplicity, and their attitude is summed up by a sign I once saw in a drugstore window advertising "genuine hand-painted oil paintings." You can't argue with people who feel this way, although you might suggest to them that if they stand under the windows of the Conservatory of Music on a nice warm day they will learn something; or you might ask them which came first, pianos or piano music.

A machine reproduces somewhat abstractly in inanimate materials some bodily or mental motion. The feelings we associate

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with the machine are far from simple or unambiguous: we may admire its economy of motion, its obedient and predictable regularity, its tireless performance; we may view its repetitiousness and noise and brute incessance as emblems of a world gone mad; we may be impressed, for good or ill, by its quality of relentlessness, its character as a mindless fate and a senseless predestination. The steam locomotive became for a whole age the epitome of blind power not only on account of its quite real strength but also because this strength, by being confined to a track, appeared as a thunderous necessity going for no particular reason where it had to go. Even now, with even greater powers, aircraft and steamship have not attained this symbolic property, because they are uncommitted externally with respect to direction.

Consulting one of the earliest and best of analogue computers (nonelectronic), the unabridged dictionary, we can add to the range of associations. A machine, in a first, archaic meaning, was the handiwork of a divine or supernatural being, and the word was used to characterize the human frame. The meaning of the Latin and Greek antecedents is double: a means or an expedient, an engine or a device or trick; and our shrewd sense that there is in the magic of machinery something uncanny and not quite honest survives in a couple of expressions: machination, and, in politics, the party machine.

Several usages point up the closeness and ambiguousness of the relation between art and the machine. *Deus ex machina* is perhaps the best known, and a closely related one is the idea of the *machinery* in an epic poem, meaning in general the supernatural agents invented or received from tradition and supposed the real movers behind the doings of the human characters (for example, Pope's sylphs and salamanders, *et cetera,* in *The Rape of the Lock*). Finally, in painting, a *machine* is the cant term for a big bad picture got up chiefly for exhibition purposes.

Now the machine has the distinctive trait of fixing and regularizing a human motion so that it will always be the same. Dante described Nature, in relation to God, as "an artist that hath the skill of his art, and a trembling hand"; the machine would have the skill of the art, and exclude the trembling of the hand. We

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have now to inquire whether and to what degree that characteristic has been and is at present desirable in the arts. Some of the evidence appears to suggest that the ambition of a mechanical and tireless regularity, like many another human dream, was a wonderful and benign ambition indeed—until it showed signs of becoming a daily reality.

Music, so widely regarded for a couple of centuries as the liberator of the human spirit, as instigating the most daring and subversive flights into the contentless anarchy of the forbidden, is at the same time full of indications having the opposite sign, the sign of a mechanical servitude. Schopenhauer in a beautiful phrase characterized music as "the secret history of the will," but I suppose that a compulsion to regularity, to formula, to repetition, to simple fractions and perceptible symmetries, must also be included among the will's secrets.

For an example, take the slow movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, where the beautiful lonely lost lament soars and falls over a ground where the same motif has more the sense of the turning of, say, a camshaft. Take the opening of the Waldstein Sonata op. 53, or of Mozart's A-Minor Sonata (K. 310), it's the same story: individuality, you might say, belongs to the right hand, mechanic regularity and relentless drive to the left. And if you go back to an earlier period, before "polyphonic objectivity"—the phrase is Thomas Mann's—with its equally rigorous treatment of the several voices had split into the detached notions of "melody" and "accompaniment" or harmony, you see that fugue, canon, chaconne and passacaglia express very fully a will to mechanism and its determinations. In fact, a useful pun makes it possible to say that the cathedral organ was the first great digital (not to mention pedal) computer, programmed by J. S. Bach to exhaust the possibilities of the then obtaining tonal language.* A composer of

* Bach's great contemporary, Jonathan Swift, also had a computer; it was explained and demonstrated to Lemuel Gulliver by a Professor at the Grand Academy of Lagado, and while his description is too long to be appropriate here, the Professor's claim for his machine is worth having: "Everyone knew how laborious the usual Method is of attaining to Arts and Sciences; whereas by his Contrivance, the most ignorant Person, at a reasonable Charge, and with a little bodily Labour, may write Books in Philosophy, Poetry, Politicks, Law, Mathematicks and Theology, without the least Assistance from Genius or Study." See *Gulliver's Travels*, Book III, Chapter V.

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my acquaintance, looking over the score of a chorale prelude, said with a somewhat lofty disgust, "Why does he hoke it up like that? He'd already said all that was necessary in the chorale." "Why?" I said. "Why else but that he *could?*" The same answer as that given by the scientist in my first example: " I did it as a demonstration to show what this machine will do."

Now as to painting. Leaving aside what is called Abstract Art, if only because all art is, we very quickly learn that between us and the direct transcription of the landscape we had perhaps naïvely hoped for, there is interposed a formidable body of language and mechanisms for using it, mysterious yet systematic transformations whereby the sight of the eye is translated through a turn of the wrist to a mark on paper. E. H. Gombrich, in his *Art and Illusion,* convincingly shows by history and analysis that the artist's transcription of nature is always mediated by a scheme, which he learns first: he doesn't directly copy the human head, he does an egg which is something like it but simpler and more compassable, then he refines and articulates and individualizes and maybe even addles his egg till it becomes the illusion of a human head; and perhaps the achievement of Cézanne and later of the Cubists was the removal of this procedure from the classroom and its location in the vision itself.

From the Far East we have similar testimony in Mai-Mai Sze's *The Tao of Painting,* some four hundred pages of illustration and commentary from a seventeenth-century treatise, elucidating the elements of style in the use of brush and ink as applied by the various masters to natural forms: seventy-three illustrations, for example, of the methods of drawing trees, ninety of methods of drawing rocks, clouds, running water, two dozen on the bamboo alone, and so on. Only by years of repetition of gestures might one learn how to paint mountains with brushstrokes like ax-cuts or brushstrokes like raveled rope, or to distinguish and perform some thirty ways of dotting foliage (like mouse tracks, pine needles, *sharp* pine needles, a sprinkling of pepper . . .). Gradually, perhaps, one's own style would reveal itself, but it would have been formed by conventions become second nature. And the treatise adds, about those exceptional masters who began without any

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particular habit of technique but made up what they needed as they went: "One need not, however, make things more difficult by following such a procedure, which would be like imitating the man who made a hole in the boat to mark the spot where his sword had dropped into the water."

A recent book from Germany, *Creative Drawing: Point and Line,* by Ernst Röttger and Dieter Klante, illustrates with student work the fantastic potential of this approach to drawing by means of porism, or problems having fixed conditions capable of an indeterminate number of solutions. One fascinating by-product of such procedures is the discovery that figuration by point or line according to very simple rules ever so often unintentionally produces forms that resemble the forms of nature. Without meddling my ignorance into the mysteries of physics, I should like to suggest on the model provided by this book that perhaps the wave-particle question is but one more reflection of the way in which point and line compose the visual world. We see the curve of the shoreline—or we begin counting the grains of sand that make it up. We see the line formed by the hills, and might paint it against the sky in a single sweep, or else we might build it up pointillistically by dabbing in at one distance every tree, at another every leaf. We play this world legato or staccato, according to directions from the composer, who thought in phrases, maybe, but built with notes. We speak in waves what we write in particles. Perhaps nothing we do with point or line is ever, in the common meaning of the word, "abstract": the simplest formula or the most abstruse, carried through, turns out to imitate some piece of nature. Or not to "imitate," since that was not included in the intention, but to correspond with, or resemble, or suggest.

There has recently been some striking confirmation of this bond between imagination and mechanism, or thought and the world, a little more mysterious than it may at first appear. The invention and development of photography was widely thought to have been a powerful influence in turning the art of painting away from representation of the visible world and toward abstraction, geometry, the nonrepresentational; as though the artists were "refusing to compete" against the camera on its home

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ground. But now, many years later, comes electron microphotography, and it turns out that between many paintings done in the interim and the photographs at very high magnification of all sorts of fine structure in nature there are numerous and rather precise resemblances. It is not always possible, in books of reproductions, to distinguish painting from photograph, art from science, nor does the judgment as to which of two paired examples is more "beautiful" produce much illumination; the entire question of beauty and the beast, in the face of these evidences, becomes almost impossible to ask intelligibly, much less to answer. And if the camera can do that, is there any reason why, for better or worse, the computer should not be able to learn to write poetry?

In the arts of language it is, curiously, just the addition of mechanisms and mechanical requirements that traditionally distinguished poetry from prose, and it will be remembered in this connection that *versus* meant returning, or recurring, while *prosus* meant going straight forth. The idea of a couplet, of a quatrain, of a sonnet, appears to be the imitating, or modeling, of the abstract invisible process of thought by simplifying, refining and mechanizing procedures for illustrating what kind of thing a thought is. Even the idea of a line, in poetry, to a certain extent mechanizes not simply the form alone, but also the thing said and the nature of expressiveness itself. For example, William Shakespeare wrote a very large number of lines that might be thought ideally suited to production by computer:

> Increasing store with loss and loss with store . . .
> (sonnet lxiv)

> With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder . . .
> (*Richard II*, 2.1.37)

> Love is not love
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove . . .
> (sonnet cxvi)

In these and ever so many similar examples there is a suggestive resemblance to the programmatic proceeding by opposite states: yes-no or on-off. It may be even that effects of mere mechanism

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are avoided in such places only by the circumstance that the line has an odd and not an even number of feet.

Perhaps an unreckonably large part of the pleasure to be had from poetry in our tradition resides in this kind of mechanism wherein by formal means antitheses are sharpened and precised and thought reveals itself as moving by a kind of alternating current.

A quatrain by Frost expresses, as it illustrates, something of this affinity of poetry for mechanism as a way of securing that quality in art that we are accustomed to call, somewhat helplessly, inevitability, or rightness:

In a Poem

The sentencing goes blithely on its way,
And takes the playfully objected rhyme
As surely as it keeps the stroke and time
In having its undeviable say.

That is only half the story, for there is among poets at present the most grievous division of opinion and practice on just this point of the line, the stanza, the poem, considered as a mechanism or as something else; here is William Carlos Williams, in *Paterson,* proclaiming the view opposed:

Without invention nothing is well-spaced,
unless the mind change, unless
the stars are new measured, according
to their relative positions, the
line will not change, the necessity
will not matriculate: unless there is
a new mind there cannot be a new
line, the old will go on
repeating itself with recurring
deadliness. . .

One can see from this that the relation of the line to the sentence structure, if it makes any sense at all, deliberately doesn't make the same sense it did before and continues to do for someone writing, as Frost does, in traditional measures.

Opinion among the masters, on this question of composition as

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mechanism, is as usual both divided and confusing; not only are there two sides, but theory and practice do not always or even very often coincide in one man's work. For Paul Valéry, "*To write* should really mean to construct, as solidly as possible, a machine of language in which the force of the stimulated mind is used in overcoming real obstacles; hence the writer must be divided against himself." That, again, is not a view that would be entertained, even as a metaphor, by everyone. Yeats, for instance, thought that art should be "a Centaur finding in the popular lore its back and its strong legs," and despised logic for being a machine: "unhelped it will force those present to exhaust the subject, the fool is as likely as the sage to speak the appropriate answer to any statement . . . You throw your money on the table and you receive so much change." And yet the poetry of Yeats, like that of Shakespeare, seems to me characterized by the most relentless pressure of logical force and coherence, and although he affected to dislike machinery he surely, in *A Vision* and the related poems, invented a vast deal of it.

A good deal of evidence—from science fiction to schizophrenic fantasies—suggests that our tensions about the machine became immensely aggravated when machines began to become our substantive daily reality. As many fairy tales will show, and some of them are scientific and technological fairy tales, the sudden transformation of a dream into a reality deprives the dream of much of its charm. So I suspect that all the to-do about "free verse" that has both blemished and adorned poetry in the present century may be not unconnected with a fear of the role of scientific technology in reducing to a mechanic regularity one area of life after another; poets would rebel in the only way professionally open to them, by stripping poetry of all the traits that made it resemble mechanism, such as regular measure and rhyme; even their visions would stress the irrational, irregular and unpredictable. The one significant exception that I am aware of, anticipating the modern revolt by almost a century, is William Blake, and he really does appear to prove the relation rather than deny it, for it was *Jerusalem,* composed 1804-1820, that he did in free verse, and both his practice in

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that poem and his justification in its preface* relate to the fact that the theme of Jerusalem is the rebellion of the poet, or fourfold human, against machinery, against all geometric regularity and repetition, for which the poet's symbols are the mill, the loom, the water wheel, and so on, on up to the "starry wheels" of Jehovah's or Urizen's dead or dying universe, locked "in single vision & Newton's sleep." In this Blake was again by many years prophetic, not only in what he had to say but in the poetic means he devised for saying it.

But the assertion that the interest in free verse may have had its origin in some part from feelings of discomfort about machines may not stand alone, for the opposite line of thought is also highly suggestive: there is at least enough synchronicity between the development of free verse and the coming into wide availability of typewriters to make me wonder if the machine, in this instance, might not have provided exactly the freedom it was thought to be taking away—because on a typewriter you can write lines and strophes (or "verse paragraphs," as they significantly began to be called) having a rationalized appearance on the page (by making the lines all about the same length, for instance) even though neither the foot nor the number of feet be counted at all; you can get the appearance of measuring without doing any measuring. Picasso said that the nail was the great enemy of painting; maybe the typewriter has the same relation to poetry.

The relation of the arts to machinery, then, has always been ambiguous, containing both fascination and fear of being enthralled; in a sense its closest analogies are the relation between

* "When this verse was first dictated to me, I consider'd a Monotonous Cadence, like that used by Milton & Shakespeare & all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming, to be a necessary and indispensible part of Verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both of cadences & numbers of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place; the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts, the mild & gentle for the mild & gentle parts; all are necessary to each other. Poetry Fetter'd Fetters the Human Race. Nations are Destroy'd or Flourish in proportion as Their Poetry, Painting and Music are Destroy'd or Flourish! The Primeval State of Man was Wisdom, Art and Science." *Jerusalem, To the Public,* p. 434 in the Nonesuch edition of Geoffrey Keynes. What Blake meant by science is not easily settled; how difficult the settlement might be is perhaps indicated by two notes from *The Laocoön Group* (1820): "The Gods of Greece & Egypt were Mathematical Diagrams—See Plato's works." "Science is the Tree of Death."

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the spirit and the body, and now, with the advent of computers, the relation between the mind and the brain. It is true that minds without brains have not been observed to exist; yet I think it would be overhasty, on that account, to follow those philosophers who tell us that the term "mind" is a redundancy and a merely hypostatical entity, and that it therefore must be given up. For the brain, we are told, is an immensely complicated affair, having billions of relations; while the mind, like poetry which gives us one of our images for the mind, proceeds by thinkable simplicities, and out of those billions of possible relations can handle perhaps no more than two or three at a time without becoming lost, without being, in effect, taken over by the brain. There may, of course, come unforeseeable changes in the relation of the arts to machines; but if my analogies are in any degree accurate, the ambiguousness of the relation will remain, as they say, invariant under all transformations. I mean only that for every computer busy turning out beat poetry, another computer will be doing rhymed hexameters with a quill pen and possibly a flowing tie.

I don't see any way out of that impasse, and suspect there isn't one. You might, I have now and then idly thought, program a computer to make all possible metaphors on the common form a:b::c:d. Simplest example:

> So are you to my thoughts as food to life . . .
>
> (sonnet lxxv)

You would do this, relying upon the computer's immense speed, in the most wasteful manner possible, by instructing it to put together every possible combination of four words existing in the unabridged dictionary. The possibility of insanity here is very close: *fluff* is to *did* as *hippopathology* is to *reverse*. You would, I suppose, provide the computer with certain parameters of relevance, so that it would at once reject such figures as have no visible significance at all (these would rise into the billions of billions easily). But when the computer had printed out and preserved its few hundred beautiful and strange figures (presuming there would be some), and printed and thrown into the wastebasket its silly and useless figures, you would not be surprised to see, phoenixlike, a new school of poets arising from the wastebasket, for that or something like it appears to be the relation of poets at

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present to limits, order, meaning, good sense, parameters, and all that.

Thus far my own sleeveless speculations, leading to the not particularly striking conclusion that computers could possibly write poetry if programmed by poets. But poets do not know how to program, and programmers do not, on the evidence thus far, know poetry; we are in the same sorry case with translators of the Greek drama, who appear to know either Greek or English but never by any chance both. Before adding a few remarks on the desirability of the culture's having its poems written by machines, however, I should seek the help of someone who, unlike myself, knows something on the technical side, and say a little about how the feasibility of the project stands at present.

From a recent book, *Computers and the Human Mind* by Donald G. Fink, I learn that the best opinion here also is as usual divided. In a discussion of Illiac music composed on a computer by Hiller and Isaacson a decade ago, Mr. Fink observes that in three out of the four experiments the program was "essentially imitative, not original," and he seems to regard this as possibly an intrinsic limitation, for he goes on to say: "Whatever originality appears in the Illiac music rests ultimately on random searching, which is, of course, the antithesis of artistic purpose."

I am in grave doubts about that easy "of course," and the conclusion to which it leads. Art cannot—and I am tempted to say "of course" myself now—consist entirely of random searching; yet the very phrase irresistibly suggests to me Keats's phrase, "Negative Capability," which he defined as "when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason." And I have always supposed this component of Negative Capability or random search, to be somewhat higher in lyric poetry than in the other arts of language, and to have been considerably increasing during the present century, increasing, maybe, more than it ought to have done. Yet there certainly remains a force to Mr. Fink's argument, if I read him right, for if musical composition is subject to this limitation of the computer, that it must always be—to put the matter extremely—either imitative or foolish (reminding me of Dr. Johnson's finely saying of the disciples of Locke that "Truth is a cow

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will yield no more milk, and these people are gone off to milk the bull"), the same limitation will apply more strongly in literature, where, Mr. Fink says, "the scope of the symbols and the range of their combination are vastly greater," adding that "the range of concepts and relationships used . . . in composing poetry (which must take account of the sounds as well as the meanings of words, and must depart from normal modes of expression) may forever transcend the bounds of computer science."

Myself, I rather incline to hope so, for the following possibly sardonic, possibly funny, but not frivolously intended reasons. Thus far, that is, I have tried to do my duty by the subject, but now, with a deep breath—back to reality.

1. In a world where practically no one reads poetry, it is not really desirable, and may not even be sane, to increase exponentially the number of objects called poems, thus giving some poor idiot the task of deciding whether in fact they are or aren't.

2. The dullness, the want of gaiety and charm in the idea, are as appalling as the absence of sanity. The advantage claimed for the computer is its immense speed, but programming it, on the other hand, looks to be a slow and laborious and rather uninteresting business; in witness whereof, one anecdote.

A little book appeared a few years back called *Poetry: A Closer Look,* but the subtitle, "Programmed Instruction With Selected Poems," gives a clearer idea what it's up to. It seems to me clearly designed to teach computers, not people, to read poems, but its pretense is that it is addressed to the human student (the flap copy begins, chummily, "How long is it since you read a poem?") and I should not be surprised if the pretense had actually imposed on some teachers so that they imposed the book on their pupils. Some idea of the tedium that would result from following its procedures by nonelectronic means may be got from a few questions about the first poem it has programmed us to read:

What line in stanza one tells us that the man is watching the woods — — with snow?

The title tells the reader that the evening is snowy. Line — of stanza one also indicates that it is snowing.

Scene Two (stanzas two and three) introduces a new character: the "little —," who, according to his driver, must think this stopping by the woods a queer business.

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The book goes on in this manner for a heartrending eighteen pages. This is reading poetry? I like poetry tolerably well, but I cannot imagine that after enduring an infliction like that I would ever willingly read another poem.

3. Why should the idea ever have come up at all? To what need in the human spirit does it respond?

This is a terrible thought, for a law formulated by me a moment ago in the course of writing the last sentence states that people get the poetry they want, and it always turns out to be the poetry they deserve. If their minds seem to them compassable even by very sophisticated machines, then their poetry inevitably will be written by machines. If you consider, too, that the great continuing epic poem of the present age, overlooked because omnipresent, is the daily newspaper, that sordid miracle, you must acknowledge that our real poetry is already reckonably nearer to being written by machines than it formerly was. And the need of the spirit to which, not in the area of our subject alone, the machines are responding, is a very ancient one: the curious compulsion upon the mind to literalize its metaphors and reify its symbols, to the end of turning the whole world, if possible, into *things;* and the further compulsion upon the mind to turn these dead things into ghosts, spirits, demons, divinities. So that once we have a machine that in certain respects functions after the model, much simplified, of the brain, it follows inevitably and ever so soon that the brain will be declared to be like that machine, and the machine will presently be referred to as The Brain. In a splendidly funny discussion of this theme of the introjected machine, Nigel Dennis says that such metaphors characteristically are first introduced in single quotes to indicate awareness, distance, even irony; later the single quotes get left out.

This process of "real-izing" notions will go forward in spite of numerous warnings against its being allowed to happen at all by people intimately acquainted with the actual workings of whatever machine is in question. Probably any number of lyre players could have given Pythagoras their opinion that the soul really wasn't very much like a tuned string; he would not have listened. And by the time Aristotle mentioned some important objections, it was too late; the idea had become fixed. Metaphor is a mighty

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power, the mightier perhaps for its property of being at the best imperfect; as Coleridge said, no comparison goes on all fours. But people are so taken with similarity that they refuse to see it is grounded in difference.

So if poetry did come to be written by computers, and people read and even declared they loved that poetry, one would still have to suspect that what had happened was not so much that the machine had imitated the subtlety of the mind, but that the mind had simplified (and brutalized) itself in obeisance to its idol the machine; on the model of the programmer who was asked if the computer could think, and replied: I compute it can. As Hannah Arendt says on this point: "The trouble with modern theories of behaviorism is not that they are wrong but that they could become true, that they actually are the best possible conceptualizations of certain obvious trends in modern society. It is quite conceivable that the modern age—which began with such an unprecedented and promising outburst of human activity—may end in the deadliest, most sterile passivity history has ever known." And, putting that warning in direct relation with our theme, "Thought itself, when it became 'reckoning with consequences,' became a function of the brain, with the result that electronic instruments are found to fulfill these functions much better than ever we could." It may indeed be that the fate of poetry, which only a short while back set itself the task of "absorbing the machine," will be to be absorbed by the machine; well, let determin'd things to destiny hold unbewail'd their way. But in the interval the poet's attitude will be, I suspect, compounded of amusement, keen interest, and, at the end, defiance. I close with one more gloomy warning.

Some time ago, I wrote of the poet as "the respected proprietor of an industry making, to the highest standards of craftsmanship, a product which has just been superseded by something more modern." A little later, maybe, his work will be valued as an antiquity; meanwhile it is merely obsolete.

More recently, during the night of the great power failure over the Northeast, while we did not know either the extent or probable duration of our calamity, I remember thinking that this would be a hell of a time to find out that all the candle factories had been fully automated.

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No Palinode for Mr. Bones

(To Hyam Plutzik 1911-1962)

John Alexander Allen

Death can have no real relationship
To this poet dead. Alive, he noted
Dryly that his hair had bared a Northwest
Corner of his brow—the dirty work
Of the bad actor; yet the itinerant absent
Mind pursued its trade; and, unpossessed
By time, in time he harvested his crop
Of lines, on daily rounds, in unexpected
Places—grocery, laundromat, and bank.

Given a summer's hoard, an unencumbered
Stretch of time, he cultivated calm
Aboard a rowboat, under a gay umbrella.
Day by day, he spent the time on his hands,
Unfellowed as an island, bent his vacant
Contemplation on the empty shore,
And found that sinecure of less account,
By far, than household voyaging; thereafter,
Took no gifts of ease from a bony stranger.

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Ripening verse required his undivided
Inattention; hence, from time to time,
He followed a random leader on the road
And woke to odd conclusions. Once, the landfall
Proved to be an island. Finding error
Bound by an ocean there, he rode the ferry
Back to the mainland. Now, a less ingenuous
Stranger, posing as a guide, detains
His last extravagance, on another island.

We, who seek our certain destinations,
Spend the time on our hands in laundromat,
Bank, and grocery still. But we have learned
To catch, between the silences, his praise
Of time, returning from a timeless island.
Death can have no real relationship
To this living breath. Poor Mr. Bones,
Did you suppose the poet long would keep
That shore of ease whose only snare is prose?

✪ JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN teaches Shakespeare, Chaucer and the writing of poetry and fiction at Hollins College. His poems have appeared in many literary and popular journals, and his first collection, *The Bugler, Whoever He Is,* is ready for publication.

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Medical Education and Psychoanalysis

RICHARD W. NOLAND

THE GOAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE is simple, direct and commendable: the cure or prevention of all disease. And with the elimination or control of the major infectious diseases accomplished, medicine is turning quite naturally to other diseases of public health proportions—heart disease, cancer and stroke. In addition, even such widespread problems as mental health and retardation are beginning to receive attention as another outpost, like polio, to be conquered. Yet, in the case of mental illness, attention in itself is not necessarily a prelude to solution. For this attention is likely to see the solution to mental illness as similar to that for heart disease: a solution to a problem of physiological derangement. What is in fact a problem with the widest possible psychological, social, even moral dimensions would thus be treated as physiological disturbance. Such an approach is inevitable if the cure is to be only medical, for medical science is sure to work in terms of its own educational bias—in medicine, a bias that sees all disease as physiological imbalance, a disturbance of chemical molecules, as understood by Claude Bernard in 1865.

Contemporary theory of disease, then, descends from mid-nineteenth-century materialism. In *The Triumph of the Therapeutic* (1966), Philip Rieff refers to "physiological and materialist models" of the mind as "dead theory." But it is dead neither for mind nor body in medicine. Here it flourishes, accepted largely without question and responsible, indeed, for the spectacular success of medicine over the last century. The physician is, to be sure, encouraged to be skeptical of theoretical rigidity. He knows that he must be flexible and open in his approach to disease, since life does

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not conform to theory. He is alert to deviations from the textbook picture of a disease, and he welcomes new perspectives on an old disease or theory. He is rightly suspicious of an easy, one-to-one correlation between a drug administered and a cure effected. But he typically does not take the ultimate step in this chain of skepticism—he does not question the certainty of the physiological edifice upon which his medical training is built.

That training, moreover, does not include a thorough grounding in the theory and methodology of the natural sciences. It is largely practical. What the medical student learns, therefore, in such basic medical sciences as anatomy, physiology, bacteriology, pathology and pharmacology, is that part of each discipline that may be most relevant to his clinical experience. So, for example, when he studies bacteriology, he studies only those organisms that produce infectious diseases in man. The rest of this or any other field is of no interest to his largely practical concerns (and it is not uncommon for medical students to see how much useless information, such as the names of the twelve cranial nerves, they can forget before they get on the ward). The average physician carries this antitheoretical and anti-intellectual bias through the rest of his active years.

There is presently no really effective counterpoise to this gradual educational impoverishment. And perhaps there is no need for one. Perhaps this education justifies itself by the undeniable success of American medicine. But as medicine becomes more and more specialized, physicians continue to talk about treating and affecting the whole man—by which, unfortunately, they usually mean that they must not so concentrate on a heart problem as to forget that the patient has a liver and kidneys as well. Organ physiology thus replaces an avowed interest in the whole man. Problems of a different sort, such as mental illness, must be either ignored or deferred until they too can be controlled by drugs or some other physical therapy.

Many physicians are themselves aware of the implications of this situation: that it reduces the province of medicine more and more to the purely technical and that this new science of medicine is replacing the traditional art of medicine. The art of medicine,

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indeed, stands little chance in the face of improved diagnostic and therapeutic techniques, whether this improvement is a simple laboratory test, a more sophisticated radiological procedure, or a modified heart-lung machine. And such improvements should not be casually belittled, since many people are now benefiting by their very existence. Even that maverick poet-physician, William Carlos Williams, who would have preferred to do without physicians altogether, as he says in his *Autobiography* (1951), was forced to admit that they were a necessary evil in that they performed an essential service. And for anyone with a less jaundiced view than Williams, it is even easier to recognize the benefits of modern medicine.

But to be essential is not necessarily to be adequate. And without challenging the validity of the physiological theory of disease —as such a critic as A. T. W. Simeons does in *Man's Presumptuous Brain* (1960)—it is nevertheless possible to indicate its limiting effect on the physician's intellectual and social life. For as the physician subsides gradually into the progressive specialization of his training, and as he absorbs the unquestioned tenets of physiological materialism, he is correspondingly isolated from other areas of thought and experience not readily congenial to a physiological explanation. For example, complex social and political movements may make a strictly individualistic view of the physician obsolete. Yet if the physician has no way to understand and judge these movements and their effect upon the place of the physician in society, then he is likely to oppose, say, Medicare, which is part of an attempt by society at just such a reinterpretation of the place and function of the physician.

But the failure here is not simply one of social conscience or awareness. It is a failure of the physician to operate with an adequate conception of what a physician is. The old idea of the physician as a learned man who is responsible intellectually and morally as well as technically to the society in which he practices has been replaced by an idea of the physician as technologist, even tradesman, responsible only to the integrity of science, whether basic or clinical, and to the codes of his various medical societies.

Such a narrowing has been recognized, I think, in the interest

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of medical schools in accepting students who have had a humanities major in college. The student who has majored in English literature, history or philosophy, so the reasoning apparently goes, will have a better conception of himself and his world, and so be a better physician, than the student who has majored in biology or chemistry. In his medical training and career he is supposed, presumably, to find some use for this humanistic background, which, together with his medical education, will make him a better-rounded man. But how this transformation is to occur is never specified. How English literature, for example, is to aid his medical education and practice is unclear, since he probably abandons all extraneous reading when he enters medical school and, if caught with a novel, is likely to be asked why he is unable to find enough medical literature to keep him busy. Besides, many premedical students major in English or history, not to broaden their educational background, but to avoid science courses with labs during their last year in college before the grind of long hours in the lab in the first two years of medical school. Under such circumstances, the genuine learning achieved in a nonscientific field, and the possibility of continuing and broadening such learning after college, is minimal.

Thus we see in the twentieth century an end to that traditional association between medicine and the humanities that made medicine one of the truly learned professions (this may always, of course, have been more myth than fact). And when Dr. Félix Martí-Ibáñez writes such essays as "Books in the Physician's Life" and "Minerva and Aesculapius: the Physician as Writer," in which he discusses this association, he seems to be talking about something that has long ago passed away: the physician is no longer classical scholar, poet or novelist as well as an active clinician. Sir Thomas Browne may not have been as widely representative of the physicians of his time as we might like to imagine, but at least he seems clearly to belong to the seventeenth century. But his great admirer, Sir William Osler, who spent half of his time in literary and historical scholarship and yet remained a great clinician, seems already an anachronism in the early twentieth century.

In this country, of course, the broadly learned physician is per-

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haps less typical than in Europe—except for such nineteenth-century Easterners as Benjamin Rush, Oliver Wendell Holmes and S. Weir Mitchell, and the twentieth-century Harvey Cushing. The largely frontier conditions of American medicine have not always permitted time for or access to books and ideas. Whatever his heritage, however, the physician needs what the humanities and the social sciences can give him: an awareness of values beyond the confines of medical ethics; a concern for the use of technical knowledge to a moral end; an historical and cultural understanding of his own field; and a knowledge of and respect for theories, ideas and images of man that are nonmedical and that may have an equal validity with his own physiological bias. Such an expanded awareness might lead the physician as an educated man to take a more active and sophisticated part in the intellectual, social and political life of his time—a part that his social importance and position both justifies and requires.

The limiting effect of a strictly medical background is well illustrated in the effect of medicine on psychoanalysis. As it happened, the founder of psychoanalysis was a practicing physician, a neurologist who became interested in those numerous cases of neurosis, especially hysteria, that seemed intractable to all therapy. When Freud finally substituted free association for hypnosis, he felt that he had discovered a therapy that could help many of these neurotics. But he had also discovered a new approach to general psychology—an approach, as he very quickly saw, that could account for a greater range of mental phenomena (dreams, parapraxias, infantile amnesia) than the psychological theory of his time could. And, as he tacitly admitted when he undertook his still uncompleted metapsychology, he had also discovered an approach to the mind that had important connections with and implications for philosophy. Such a theory, obviously, went far beyond medicine. And Freud and his earliest followers were quick to recognize this fact by applying psychoanalysis to the study of art, literature, religion, anthropology and history—to culture in general, in other words. Thus Freud saw psychoanalysis as a general theory of psychology, both normal and abnormal, of the greatest possible value

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and scope. And he consistently denied that it was only a branch of medicine.

But in this country psychoanalysis has been largely limited to a medical setting. There seems now to be little doubt among physicians and psychiatrists that only physicians should practice psychoanalysis and that Freud's views in favor of lay analysis can be ignored. I was once informed by a practicing psychiatrist, who had entered his field from general practice, that Freud had favored lay analysis only because of his hostility to his Viennese medical colleagues. And since this hostility depended on Freud's personal experience and had nothing to do with his complex conception of psychoanalysis, it was apparent to this man that Freud need not be taken seriously on the matter of lay analysis. Psychoanalysis is simply a branch of medicine and nothing else.

Even so, however, this limitation of psychoanalysis might not have proved disastrous had physicians responded differently to its challenge. It is, after all, conceivable that psychoanalysis has as much to offer medicine as medicine has to offer psychoanalysis. It is even conceivable that an interaction between these two fields could have the same cultural importance as in Werner Jaeger's view the interaction between medicine and philosophy did in fifth-century Athens (*Paideia,* Vol. III, 1943). But the medical profession was simply not prepared for such a response. The majority of physicians has remained as suspicious and ignorant of psychoanalysis as physicians of six decades ago were. Others, including physiologically and pharmacologically oriented psychiatrists, have used psychoanalysis as a convenient and temporary adjunct to clinical psychiatry and psychosomatic medicine (both quite valid). But they have also looked forward to the day when the abstractions of Freudian theory will be replaced by a more adequate neurophysiology and neuropharmacology. With the appearance of the tranquilizers, for example, it was not uncommon to hear the prediction that both psychiatry and psychoanalysis would soon have no reason to exist. This was apparently a premature obituary, but hope for future progress remains.

Such an attitude was bound to affect psychoanalysis eventually. If all analysts must be physicians, they inevitably carry with them

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a basic predisposition to physiological categories. And they tend to model psychoanalytic theory on the pattern of the natural sciences so as to be more scientifically respectable. But such an effort, as Rieff observes, merely serves to impoverish and distort psychoanalysis: "While worrying too much about whether they are scientists in any sense of the word acceptable to their most bigoted opponents, the psychoanalysts have become at worst technicians of therapy, and at best erudites, writing up data without any sense of responsibility for their more general import." And Rieff recognizes the part played by a systematic miseducation in this failure:

> More often than not, the contemporary candidate for training in one of the [psychoanalytic] institutes now comes straight out of a medical school, with precisely the wrong kind of education, for which a reading of Freud's case histories and various other courses in the development and structure of psychoanalysis cannot compensate. The early psychoanalysts were educated men when they gathered around Freud; the contemporary psychoanalyst is not an educated man when he leaves the institute. And yet, by its own logic, the field must take the whole province of culture for its own. (*The Triumph of the Therapeutic*)

These are harsh words, and Rieff perhaps overstates the case out of disappointment. But he prepares us for the fact that such important critical and cultural uses of Freud as E. R. Dodds's *The Greeks and the Irrational* (1950), Herbert Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization* (1955), Norman O. Brown's *Life Against Death* (1959), and Rieff's own *Freud: The Mind of the Moralist* (1959) are all by nonanalysts.

These are the same nonanalysts, of course, who cannot train in an analytic institute or practice psychoanalysis. It was perhaps inevitable that someone who deplored this situation should again raise the question of lay analysis. K. R. Eissler, a medically trained psychoanalyst, has recently done so in *Medical Orthodoxy and the Future of Psychoanalysis* (1965). But he has little hope of altering the decision on this subject, as his preferred title, "Futile Remarks on Lay Analysis and Other Subjects," indicates. Indeed, as he rightly observes, the "battle seems to be over, at least on this side of the Atlantic." And since "the few outstanding lay analysts who took refuge from Europe in this country will have no successors,

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there will come a time when all the adequately trained psychoanalysts in the United States will be physicians. No argument against this prospect is likely to be of any avail. . . . There will come a day when there will be no lay analysis in this country, and other countries seem ready to follow suit." But he feels compelled to argue anyway, since he is disturbed by the current intellectual state of psychoanalysis, "transformed by starvation and neglect into a pale and lethargic organism with an appalling complacency about its lack of interest in its own future scientific growth," and by the possibility that psychoanalysis may one day be simply a subspecialty of psychiatry.

Eissler argues for lay analysis on two main grounds. First, that psychoanalysis is a general theory of psychology, an instrument of research as well as therapy. Research and therapy generally coincide because both depend on the analytic situation. But to forget or minimize research, as is common when analysis is used psychiatrically, is to concentrate on removing symptoms with no gain in the subject's insight. Psychoanalysis becomes a clinical rather than a theoretical science—a pragmatism that is acceptable only to medicine, not to psychoanalysis. Second, psychoanalysis should not become a strictly biological science, any more than it should become a purely environmental or sociological science. "The center of Freud's work," Eissler says, "is the psychic apparatus, and its structuring under the influence of inheritance and the biological substructure on the one hand, and of the environment and culture on the other." This is in line with Theodosius Dobzhansky's suggestion in *Mankind Evolving* (1962) that psychoanalysis might well mediate theoretically between the genetic background of an individual and the social and cultural development of that background. But as a branch of psychiatry, which is itself physiologically oriented, psychoanalysis loses its position as a strictly human psychology.

Thus the danger of absorbing psychoanalysis into medicine is simply that medicine would trim it "to order, to fit crude clinical requirements." Psychology would be replaced by physiology, by a scientific theory that views body and mind materially, and by a clinical technique that emphasizes quickness and efficiency.

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Therapy would only require the right drug for the right symptom. With such "simple biological and chemical treatments," says the British psychiatrist, William Sargent, the "soul of man is becoming as easily treatable as the body in many instances, and by simpler and more effective measures than the long years of psychotherapy which we once had to use because there were no other treatments then available to us."

For those who still find psychoanalysis distasteful or incomprehensible (which would be very nearly everybody), Sargent's type of therapy will always be welcome. But this response, especially among humanists, merely betrays an ignorance of the issues involved. The dispute over the nature of psychoanalysis and the question of lay analysis is more than an argument over therapy or professional training and status. What is at issue is whether or not we can have (and want) a systematic psychology that is yet humanistic, not a natural science committed to a rigid scientific materialism. I would argue that psychoanalysis is such a science and that its natural affinity is with those disciplines that deal with the inner life of man and the reflection of that life in all its social, cultural and historical complexity. To see psychoanalysis only as a medical therapy or as a natural science is thus to misapprehend it totally. And to try to substitute biological information for the insight into personal history, interpersonal relations, and social and cultural dynamics typical of psychoanalytic knowledge is to confuse the scientific with the humanistic to the detriment of both. Whatever the success of neurophysiology in understanding the functioning of the brain, there is still the actual human content, the meaning, of mental experience with which to deal. And it is that human content—always a complex mixture of personal and social history—that is the true subject of psychoanalysis.

If, then, psychoanalysis is not to remain stunted (and it is this aborted form that humanists commonly attack as inadequate), it must become one of the humanistic and behavioral sciences. It must work toward a metapsychology of culture and all its parts—historical process, social institutions, art and religion. Such an achievement would not only be valuable theoretically, as a contribution to knowledge, but might also be an important element in

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the present cultural debate on the question of value and meaning in human life. If shed of its medical terminology, for example, psychoanalysis might have much to say about the current reassessment of the nature of morality, about good and evil rather than simply mental health and sickness—as Erik H. Erikson has begun to demonstrate in such essays as "Human Strength and the Cycle of Generations" and "The Golden Rule in the Light of New Insight." Psychoanalysis, in short, if properly understood and developed, belongs among those disciplines that would oppose the simple reductionism of which scientific materialism is guilty when it turns to a study of man. But if it is not properly understood, then an important idea either will be lost for good or will have to wait for a more congenial century for adequate comprehension and use.

In the meantime, however, Eissler would like to see a university of psychoanalysis (or an academy of the science of man) in which students of all backgrounds would be trained in psychoanalysis, the natural and behavioral sciences, and the humanities. But here, I think, he is a bit too rigid in his effort to guard the purity of psychoanalysis. For psychoanalysis is not simply to mediate between these fields. It is actually to lead to their complete reconstruction: "If psychoanalysis is in actuality what it has said that it is, then the conclusion is inescapable that under its aegis a *new* history, sociology, etc., must arise . . ." (author's italics). Psychoanalysis, in other words, is to modify, say, the writing of history, but is not itself to be modified in turn—surely an unlikely and unnecessary result. There is no reason to think that psychoanalysis cannot remain intact as a separate discipline and yet both give to and receive from a variety of disciplines. And although Eissler doubts both the wisdom and the possibility of such a move, the proper place for this contact is in the university, where a department of psychoanalysis could take its place with all other disciplines.

This move, of course, would mark one more step in the diminishment of intellectual vitality in all areas of society but the university. At least the medically trained psychoanalyst functions in an active rather than a strictly reflective context. In the univer-

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sity, removed from his clinical contacts, the analyst might well, like many humanists, discuss and study the values for which he stands in a communal vacuum. But there is another possibility: an improved educational system on the secondary and college levels, so that an adequate background in both science and humanities is obtained by everyone, whatever his future work is to be. Or the medical curriculum could be enlarged to include the humanities. But the former is a remote possibility, the latter a preposterous suggestion (the medical curriculum is already severely overburdened).

So the outlook is a pessimistic one. We still have the important work of Erikson, a lay analyst. And there may always be such analysts as Abram Kardiner or Thomas A. Szasz, whose medical training has not destroyed their ability to work in other fields. But there is no easy or apparent solution to the more general educational problem posed by the question of lay analysis. Still, if one more objection to technique and specialization cannot alter anything, perhaps it can at least, like that antiwar literature that does not prevent new wars, enable us to master an undesirable process that has already occurred.

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A Snatch, At Least

MELVILLE CANE

The sea drinks up
The sand.
I saunter along the strand
And note a retreating wave.
I kneel
And, as I kneel,
I hastily make of my hand
A cup,
A sieve,
With which to wrest and retrieve
And, wryly, save
From the sea's command
A snatch, at least, of land.

✪ Books by MELVILLE CANE include *Making a Poem, To Build a Fire* and *A Wider Arc.* The eighth volume of his poems, *So That It Flower,* was published last year.

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Remembrance of the *Times*

From the Papers of Garet Garrett

What is published here is part of a weird backhanded inheritance from a great American journalist and my beloved friend, Garet Garrett.

Mr. Garrett died in 1954. He left everything to his wife, Dorothy. The legacy included a farmhouse on the Tuckahoe River, several thousand silver dollars buried in buckets under the porch, a remarkable collection of books, a few good pictures, and a tangled jungle of papers. Of these last, you could tell from their arrangement only that they belonged to a man who looked at the world in his own way—file folders labeled "Size," "Wheels," "Numbers" and the like—and to one who cared only about what he was writing or would write and next to nothing about what he had written.

Dorothy died of grief a year later. She believed matter-of-factly that Mr. Garrett was a man for the ages and that everybody else knew it. A line in her will left Mr. Garrett's books and papers to a great New England university. I know she imagined they would be lovingly sorted and arranged and preserved in some paneled alcove. In fact, an apprentice in library science spent an impatient afternoon in Mr. Garrett's study, carried away a few first editions and a handful of letters signed by such celebrities as Hoover and Baruch, and left the rest behind. Thus the working library of a major American journalist, painstakingly collected over half a century, was sold off in bundles with his pots and pans and bed linen at a roadside auction.

At the last minute, Dorothy's executor remembered my interest and called to ask if I wanted a memento or two before he

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burned the papers. I told him to crate it all and ship it to me and he did.

In this way, a good deal of Mr. Garrett's unpublished work escaped incineration, including what THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR *is printing here. The material largely explains itself. And I loved Mr. Garrett too much ever to try to measure his work. I want only to say a few mechanical things about it.*

It is a fragment of a kind of running memoir or journal Mr. Garrett kept from May 1, 1915, until June 15, 1916, when he was editor of the editorial page of the New York Times. *It is not a diary. Sometimes there is an entry every day for several in a row, but more often there are gaps of several days between entries. The whole manuscript as I found it is an impossible length. It is too short to be a book and too long to be an article. So the editor has chosen for publication here some entries that reveal something of the personality of Adolph S. Ochs, the great publisher who built the* Times.

I'm sure the whole journal is a lot longer and most of it is lost. I am pretty sure Mr. Garrett began the project in May, 1915. And I feel sure I have all he wrote on the project until June 15, 1916. But I know he wrote more after that, because he quoted briefly from a later part of it in a book published just before he died. I am still trying to find the rest, but just now I can't think of any place else to look.

I can tell from the shape of the manuscript that Mr. Garrett intended to publish it some day. But I know he would have worked it over a good deal before he did. We've ignored that and published the material about as we found it. So you must overlook traces of carelessness in the work of a man who cared fiercely about what he wrote.

I'd like just quickly to introduce you to Mr. Garrett. From the Times, *he went for a while to the* Tribune. *Later he edited the* Times Analyst, *a financial supplement that is defunct now, and in it he wrote poetically about money markets and capital formation. The nation knew him best as the chief editorial writer on Lorimer's* Saturday Evening Post. *Lorimer didn't box him in as writers of opinion now tend to be, but let his angry feature-length*

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critiques of the New Deal spill freely through the pages of the magazine. When Ford, Edison and Burroughs took to the woods, Mr. Garrett went with them to kindle the fire and the conversation.

I think you will like this broken piece of history, and develop some affection for the man who put it down. Then maybe you will help me look for the rest of the journal.

R. C. CORNUELLE

New York
March, 1967

May 7, 1915

When I came to the council room (2:30) only Mr. Ochs and Mortimer are there. I have a feeling that they have been keeping silence between them. Mr. O. sits a little forward in his chair. His two hands are flat down on the table in front of him. They are short and thick. He looks at me as I come in, with wide eyes, the left one wider than the right one, and I notice again the symptoms of incipient paralysis. The left side of his face is falling. It is most noticeable when he is feeling emotion deeply. He does not speak, but continues to look at me as I take my seat facing him from the opposite side of the table. Then he says faintly, "The *Lusitania* has been sunk!" He pushes toward me the bulletin, two or three typewritten lines, telling that the great Cunarder was torpedoed by a German submarine off the Irish coast and sank in fifteen minutes. When I looked up he said: "I don't believe it."

Then the others begin to come in, B. and V. and G. and, at last, C. R. M., who sits next to me. More bulletins are received. She sank in thirty minutes and all were saved. She sank instantly, and nobody was saved. She did not sink at all, but has been beached. Each bulletin starts a new circle of conjecture, like a stone heaved into a pond of thought, and we talk a great deal to no purpose at all. At length it is 3:30 and Mr. O. by force of habit says, "Well, Mr. Mortimer?" which is to ask him what he thought to write about. M. says that nothing he had been thinking of seems now suitable or interesting. Mr. O., still moved helplessly by

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habit, said: "Well, Mr. Dithmar?" and it was the same with Dithmar as with Mortimer, and the same with the rest of us as with them, except C. R. M., who sat in a heap in his chair, meditative. He would write the lead, of course. That decided itself, and nothing else was decided at all. Mr. O. brought his hands down with a smack on the table, and we all went out—to make tomorrow's *Times*. And it would make itself, as we all knew. Obvious things would suggest themselves. The Washington man would send everything he had; the London man everything he could get; the Associated Press would send in masses of stuff; and somehow it would all fall into divisions: a news layout would in a way evolve, and tomorrow there would be a great paper.

After dinner C. R. M. came in, got the latest news, and went off to write the lead editorial, which also would suggest itself. The nation should be calm. It should trust the President. It should be ready to support him in any steps he might resolve to take to protect the lives of American citizens, the rights of neutrals at sea, and the cause of civilization against barbarism. This crime against humanity only proved what everybody already knew about Germany. At 12:30, with the editorial page still open, and not a line of M.'s copy, I went to his room. Mr. O. was with him. They were reading the editorial. I got it from them a sheet at a time, and on the way to the composing room put extra paragraph marks into it, so that it could be cut into short pieces for distribution among a number of compositors.

July 1, 1915

The sinking of the mule ship *Armenian* by a German submarine, killing a lot of Negro muleteers, is introduced for discussion in a most unexpected way. Mr. O., grinning as he does when he offers something he isn't sure of, and wants to be able to retreat on the pretext of not having meant it too seriously, turns to Mortimer and says: "It occurred to me—about those mules on the *Armenian*—that you might like to write something. Don't it seem cruel to sink a lot of mules that way? Eleven hundred of them! They are loaded on a boat at Newport News and start across the ocean and suddenly they are all drowned by the Germans."

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He simply couldn't express it in any way not to make it ludicrous, and began to blush furiously. He has really a great tenderness for life. He visualized eleven hundred dumb beasts, existing only to serve man, wantonly destroyed by man. He could see eleven hundred frightened big-eyed mules drowning in one herd, and he was sorry. It moved him almost to tears. Therefore, he grinned absurdly. Mortimer couldn't see it a bit at first. I said the British had used a herd of mules as a screen at the Dardanelles. Ochs said: "Gus, be sure to put that in, too." His feelings were not anti-German. He was sorry for mules, by whomsoever destroyed. Mortimer said at last that he would try, and he did very well with it, too. That ended our discussion of the sinking of the *Armenian*. The diplomatic problems were forgotten.

Sept. 28, 1915

To suggest that the *Times* is first of all a commercial success is to Ochs the unpardonable insult. He does not rage. He will not allow himself to rage. He has never been known outwardly to lose his temper. But to hear this obvious truth about his paper sends him home and to bed sick. His ambition (and it is not strange, seeing how all men long for that which in themselves is unattainable), his ambition is to produce a highbrow newspaper for the intellectuals. Today in council we were talking about the *Tribune*. He said he would not be afraid to take the *Tribune*, make it very "high class," charge five cents a copy for it and risk his reputation on success. We asked him how he should go about doing it. He would make it important in art, politics, literature, music, etc. (using these terms vaguely), and to do this he would require the services of ten $10,000 men. That was very startling to some of those present. Ochs higgles terrifically over pay. Van Anda, the executive editor, and Mr. Miller, editor-in-chief and part owner, were probably the only two at table who receive as much as $10,000 a year. I come next. We pressed him for further details. Well, beyond doing what he had said, he would use the Associated Press news and nothing else. That would make a great paper. Van Anda said that was exactly what the *Evening Post* did. Mr. O. said the *Evening Post* was a very fine paper. It didn't do enough, he added,

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probably meaning that it lacked the ten $10,000 men. It has not one such, in fact.

Oct. 1, 1915

Every man is a kind of stranger to his own success. He but dimly understands it. Yesterday as we gathered in the council room we found Mr. O. sitting alone with the latest circulation figures before him, in the form of a four-column advertisement which would appear not only in the *Times* but also in all the other morning papers that would take it. (All but the *World* accepted it.) It was the quarterly statement, made up of the reports required by the P. O. Department. Along with the figures was some boastful text, especially emphasizing the belief that the *Times* is made for "intelligent" people and read by more "intelligent" people than any other American newspaper—a statement as easy to make as hard to prove. The circulation figures, of course, were the largest in the history of the paper—exceeding $318,000 average for the preceding three months. Mr. O.'s attitude contained both reverence and diffidence. His air was that of a man who might be admiring a bust of himself, objectively as a piece of sculpture, subjectively in a very different way. I think he has a feeling that he never knew before how great a man he is.

He cannot see—perhaps nobody ever did in his position—the disadvantages of success. The *Times* is beginning to be a haughty paper, haughty with its customers, as the *Herald* used to be, and that comes of being able to refuse advertising. One night last week we actually left out 12 columns, as there was not enough room in 24 pages for news and 122 columns of advertising together. Mr. O. had said: "Don't spoil the paper for a few columns of advertising." But a part of the success of the *Times* is owing to the art of being gentle with its customers. That is now forgotten. Mr. Wiley could not help showing his private elation at an incident of ungentleness which he reported. The bankers advertising the International Mercantile Marine reorganization had been given a poor position on first insertion, and had specified, for second insertion, a position top of page next to financial, "or omit." Mr. Wiley had said that the *Times* could not accept business in that way at all.

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People could not call for their own positions. The I. M. M. bankers could take what there was or stay out. We heard the sequel later. The advertisement was withdrawn, but late in the evening it was tendered again on Mr. Wiley's terms, and it got, as might have been expected, no better position than on the day before.

Oct. 15, 1915

Monday, I think it was, Mr. O. spread his hands out on the table and, looking at all of us at once, said, "Mr. T. has sent in his resignation," almost as if Mr. T. were dead. Poor T. He happens only to be weak in a way the rest of us are intolerant of. He went over into New Jersey to do a special story on woman suffrage and was not heard of again for many days. This has happened, oh, so often! And yet, how could we spare him? It was T. who, last Summer, did offhand in the office one night an essay on William J. Bryan, to meet the occasion of his resigning from the State Department, which besides being an excellent and stylish piece of writing, caught and fixed by a kind of inspiration all that spirit of Bryan's Western background—the frame-built town around a square where he was born, the aspirations amid which he grew, etc. T. was not at council meeting the next day, but his piece was commented upon enthusiastically. Mr. O. said it was remarkable that a man could do it out of his head; and it was so. And one of us said one thing and another of us another until it came Mortimer's turn. He got up on his crutches, swinging himself and sighing pessimistically, as he does. "Well," he said, "it makes me regret not drinking rum." The rest of us could only howl, forgetting the make-believe among us that nobody drinks rum, least of all T.

Mr. O. wondered if T.'s resignation would have to be accepted. Mr. Miller quoted somebody as having once said that the kindest thing to do with a man like T. was to take him down to a river dock and push him off; anything short of that was of no earthly use.

I said, just as merchandise, T. was worth all he cost, allowing for damage, breakage, and an occasional incident of total loss in transit. So it was left.

Today I met T. I said he had done a foolish thing. He thought

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I meant getting drunk. I meant resigning. He asked me how the resignation was received. I said I thought nothing would be done about it. All he needed to do was to sit tight, and the worst that could happen to him would be to take a moral lecturing from two or three superiors, probably Van Anda and, of course, Mr. O. I said he ought not to have resigned. "Oh," he said, "You meant that I was a fool to do that. Well, Payne told me Van Anda was going to fire me, and I resigned to beat him to it. Of course I don't want to leave the *Times*. I've been here eighteen years and I shouldn't know how to work anywhere else."

I told him Payne was a damned old gossip, who didn't know what he was talking about.

Poor T. One eyebrow gouged; face all puffed; air of resolve, of beginning all over again from the beginning, of willingness to take his medicine. My last glimpse of him was as he stood waiting for Van Anda to see him, in the corridor, knowing that Van Anda did see him and was pretending that he didn't. So a man pays.

Oct. 19, 1915

Yesterday, on arriving at Council, I found Mr. Ochs discussing the sudden death of Arthur Greaves, city editor, eighteen years with the *Times*. My acquaintance with him was not intimate. He was a man who waved long thin fingers in the air and talked out of a loose, sensitive mouth. Mr. O. had been to the house. He is always the first one to go. He told us about it in a hushed kind of voice, his hands flat down on the table and his eyes wide open and rolling about at us. He had talked with the widow:

"I said perhaps there was someone on the *Times* she could feel more at ease with than with me, someone she could talk to more freely and with whom she would rather discuss arrangements, and she thought a while and said, yes, she thought she would rather talk with Joseph. So I've sent Joseph. She wants to keep the body until Thursday and then send it to Hartford, where some others are buried and where there is a family lot."

And so he went on telling us little things and asking here and there a question, as who had seen him last, and what he said, etc., and for a time everybody was silent. I was thinking of the Jewish

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character, generalizing about it. I wondered again at its simple, reverent, mystic attitude toward the three great enigmas—birth, marriage and death. I have noticed it often. I was trying to associate it with the wonderful family ego of Jewish existence, when Mr. O. spoke again, or rather, came out loud with his thoughts, as if he had been speaking all the time, saying—

"He has a house and some life insurance. Not much. I think we ought to print his picture in the *Times*."

Today at Council he was pleased with the picture and with the obituary notice, a column long, written by Joseph. The arrangements had been all made.

"I'd like the editorial staff to be at the church," he said. "I'll have carriages, and we'll either meet here and go to the church or meet at the church, as you like, only we'll all ride behind the body to the Grand Central Station. We'll come down Eighth Avenue and through 43rd street, past the *Times*. All work will be discontinued in the building for half an hour, from ten to ten-thirty, and all the employees of the *Times* will stand outside as the funeral procession passes—as a mark of respect."

So, he was going to make a spectacle of it. I wondered whether he was thinking of Greaves or of the *Times*.

Wiley said it might not be feasible to bring a procession through 43rd street, owing to the torn-up condition of the crossing at 43rd and Seventh Avenue, where subway work is going on. Mr. O. waived the objection aside lightly. That could be arranged for. No such trifle should mar the éclat with which it might seem proper to him to bury the city editor of the New York *Times*, "thought by some people," as he wrote, "to be the greatest newspaper in the world."

Oct. 20, 1915

A Protestant Episcopal low church is probably the barrenest, emptiest thing in the world. The Greaves funeral service was held in that kind of place. I was a few minutes late, or at least the service had already begun, so I was spared the task of sitting close up with the high editorial staff, Mr. O. at the top of it. Passing to a seat which the usher deemed appropriate for one of my appear-

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ance, away back and on the other side, I bowed to several persons who acknowledged the salutation very stiffly, not to say, in several cases, imperceptibly. It appears that I am not funeral-broken. I don't know the manners, or I should have known better than to recognize people and expect to be recognized by them. I noticed it directly afterward. Others came in late, and were stared at by intimate acquaintances as if they were total strangers—not the slightest sign of recognition. You are to recognize only one thing here, and that is death, and the living are nonexistent. Funerals have a singular fascination for old people. I presently noticed that. I discovered too the reason for the special strain upon one's nerves at a funeral service. It is that one doesn't dare to look bored. So they have that other look, which I have no name for, but which is the funeral look of those who are neither old nor young enough to find it morbidly fascinating and yet must not look bored.

Two men in gowns took turns at reading from a limp, gold-edged book. They were very bad readers. They did not know where exactly to scumble their voices and put in the emotion, so they made sure and put it in everywhere, because they thought Arthur Greaves must have been an important person and deserving of it, seeing that so many distinguished people came to the service. Reading from text was only bad. What followed was banal to the point of being horrible. One of the priests read from a manuscript concealed in the gold-edged book.

"We are gathered here from far and wide—" "It is indeed a imposing spectacle—" "—to cast upon his coffin the forgetmenots of love." "But yesterday (slight pause to look closer, light being bad) Arthur Greaves was with us. Now we have a feeling that he is gone." "I will not, cannot say, I will not say that he is dead. He has just gone away, with a cheery smile and a wave of his hand." "What does the history of his life teach us?" "And now we come to the closing word? Shall it be sad? Oh, no."

I recall these by the squirms they gave me. The "Oh, no," made me want to shriek. The inflection was upside down, as three-year-olds get it in their recitations.

It is shocking how little I know about funerals—so little, indeed, that I think them barbarous. If I should go to bury a friend

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I'm sure I would wish to lend a hand, to help carry the coffin, to help lower it into the grave, to feel my nerves and muscles straining at least a little bit in the last service for one to whom I had attached my heart. But pallbearers have nothing to do but to come in long coats and high hats and keep the eye of the undertaker. He tells them when to rise and precede the coffin to the door, and how to arrange themselves there in two rows, through which the undertaker's young men, very expert, carry the coffin on their shoulders without touching it with their hands.

I was taken into a carriage with Mr. O. and Mr. Miller, Thompson and Kingsbury. Somebody asked what anybody thought of it. I said the possibility of having to lie helpless under all that banality was enough to take all the zest out of the thought of dying. And at length we were all agreed that a Roman Catholic service, with its rather fine ritual, would have been much better: Mrs. Greaves is a Roman Catholic.

Then Ochs began to tell us of having seen the Chicago *Tribune*'s war pictures, in a moving-picture theater. The cheerfulness and gaiety of the people in all the war scenes had impressed him greatly, almost as much, in fact, as the statement—written on the frame in which each set of pictures was shown—that the Chicago *Tribune* was the greatest newspaper in the world. Suddenly he shook my arm; "See," he said. "We're coming to it. Isn't it nice?" We had turned into 43rd street, and there, in front of the Times Annex, were all the employees of "what some men think the greatest paper in the world," bareheaded, waiting for us to pass. "Isn't that nice?" he said again. There were a lot of them. "That's a real tribute," he said. He hated to part with the sight of it. He turned around in his seat to get it again through the little window in the back of the cab. "Look again," he said to Mr. Miller. "Isn't it nice?" Mr. Miller agitated his large frame, as an earnest of fair intentions, but did not get far enough around to see. "Yes," he said. "I saw it all."

"Arthur Greaves would like that better than anything else in the world," said Mr. Ochs, in the middle of the next block.

So the burial of the city editor of the New York *Times* was a public event of some displacement.

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Feb. 19, 1916

Littlefield tells me this story, for truth. At a dinner Mr. Ochs was introduced to a person who exclaimed: "What a strong resemblance you bear to the first Napoleon!"

Mr. O. replied: "Oh, I am very much taller than Napoleon."

Feb. 21, 1916

Mr. O. likes to be sentimental, and funerals give him a pretext. Besides, funerals have a kind of fascination for him, I believe. Today, in a still spot of editorial conversation, he looked all around, with his hands pressed hard down on the table, and said: "That was a very sad funeral." It was Crippen's funeral. Between Crippen and O. there could never have been anything in common, except their bipedness, until Crippen died, whereupon he became the sentimental property of the New York *Times*. Mr. O.'s notion of the decent way, the only decent way, to leave the service of the *Times* is at the end of twenty-eight years continuous service to die and have a *Times* funeral. There is not another appropriate exit. If you have waited twenty-eight years you get at least a column obituary. Crippen got only a little more than a quarter of a column. But, anyhow, he was a strange person, who did not lend himself exactly to a New York *Times* obituary. He was a very tiny man with very long legs and walked with a great hammering stride. His face was always very red and his teeth were small and wide apart. He was full of deep and terrible cravings. One he tried to pacify by consuming two quarts of whiskey a day. He was never in the least drunk. Another craving was of the soul, and led him into the dark and devious ways of Eastern occultism, if not of sorcery. He wrote a strange book, *Fire and Clay,* which was really a very fine thing. He was an Englishman, had been long with the London *Times,* and was the kind of man whose private affairs you touch gently, with the finger tips. . . .

I was thinking how difficult it would be for Mr. O. to understand Crippen at all, when suddenly he turned to Ralph Graves, saying:

"We must keep track of that undertaker."

"Yes," said Graves, and I wonder why.

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Mr. O. continued, "He was very reasonable. Only two hundred dollars for the whole thing. It was a very good looking casket. It looked as good as some we've paid four hundred for."

April 21st, 1916

Mr. O. is back, looking very much better, but still with a trace of pallor under the tan he acquired on the Pacific coast. He told us a story. A man named Strauss or Meyers, who had recently made a great deal of money in speculation, who had been reputed to have won a quarter of a million in one Bethlehem Steel stock deal, who had been very successful, who was very shrewd (Mr. O. always stresses these facts about a person), this man had said to Mrs. O.: "Don't let anybody persuade you to go down that Grand Canyon trail. It's terrible. Don't mind what anybody tells you to the contrary. Just make up your mind to believe me and don't go." She had asked him to explain, and he had said: "I went. They persuaded me to go. You have to trust yourself to a mule. The trail is only a few feet wide. If the mule lost its head or decided to commit suicide you would be plunged into that awful abyss and instantly killed. The mule I rode was hungry. Evidently they don't feed them very well. It would go to one side for a bite of something, and then to the other for something else that went with it, one thing calling for another, stretching its neck out over that abyss; and I said to myself, 'What a fool I am. I have made all the money I want. I am only thirty-five. I have nothing more to worry about. And here I am trusting my life to this mule. I don't know what he will do next. Of the two I am the greater ass.' "

But in spite of this warning the Ochs party went, and it was safe enough. Thousands of women go every year. The mules are very trustworthy. We asked Mr. O. if he was not afraid. He said his only uneasiness was that he was continually expecting it to be worse. But after all it wasn't worth it.

Suddenly he turned to Graves with a piece of information he had picked up, about a man who had taken charge of the eastern business of a Chicago packing company at a salary of $250,000 a year. He thought it was a good news item. Graves promised to get something on it. Mr. O. is always impressed by large figures of

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wealth or income. I especially thought of it today. Also I particularly commented upon the fact that though he talks volubly and easily and tells a story well, with a sense of human weakness that enriches it, his grammar is faulty and his words are badly chosen. This is especially true when he is expressing thoughts. Often he breaks off suddenly, and lets the rest of it be implied. He thinks out loud.

He asked me suddenly what I thought of the last note to Germany, the so-called ultimatum, dated April 19. I said I thought it was a further invitation to conversations, a statement that threw the council board into a first-rate commotion. I was asked to make it good. I said that nine months ago we had written to Germany that a repetition of the acts then complained of, namely, the wanton sinking of merchant steamers without regard for the lives of passengers and crew, would be regarded as "deliberately unfriendly," and now, in what we believed to be an ultimatum, we were citing many repetitions, that is, many deliberately unfriendly acts, committed in the meantime, and saying that "if" the German Government proposed to continue in this way, and unless the German Government abandoned its "present methods" of illegal submarine warfare, we should be unable to see any other course than the one that led to a severance of diplomatic relations. In the first Lusitania note, May, 1915, we took the position that submarine warfare against merchant vessels was inherently inhumane and should be abandoned for that reason. In this so-called ultimatum, April 1916, we repeat that opinion, but do not specifically demand that submarine warfare be abandoned. We specify "present methods," which remain to be defined, and we leave in an "if," which can be denied. The argument goes around the table. One says the inference is clear; another that the implication is final, etc., whereat, after a time, I remark that the fact of our debating it proves it to be debatable: an ultimatum that is debatable is not an ultimatum at all.

Mr. O. thinks there will not be a break with Germany. Yet we are all agreed that she will not abandon her submarine warfare.

I am aware, however, that the presence of Mr. O. gives our thoughts and expressions an elasticity that they did not have in

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his absence. None of us values his mental processes highly, and yet, he has a way of seeing always the other side that stimulates discussion, statement and restatement, and leaves a better product altogether than is approached in his absence. Mr. Miller, when he presides, sees only one side of a thing, and smothers any effort to discuss the other. His mind is closed. It was a better mind than Mr. O.'s, and still is, within the limits of its movement. But Mr. O., for his lack of reasoned conviction, is all the more seeing. He can see right and wrong on both sides. He has a tolerance for human nature in the opponent.

May 4, 1916

I begin to get my finger on the riddle of Mr. Ochs. Intellectually he is the inferior of any man at the council table. He cannot think his way through a problem. He works around it, leaping from this aspect to that one, making now an utterly absurd suggestion or deduction and then immediately a very shrewd one. When he is beaten or trapped or finds himself in an awkward place, he says, "No, my thought is—," and then he is off at a new angle entirely. It is nevertheless dangerous to meet him lightly, because he is very often right in some unexpected way. And it is a remarkable fact that although his presence at council tends to lower the intellectual average, his absence leaves the whole thing inert and without spontaneity. He has in him a kind of emotional tolerance of humanity, bordering upon sheer sentimentality, which continually expresses itself in the other point of view, whatever that happens to be. Without fixed convictions on anything, he can let his feelings run. One day this week in his absence the Irish revolt was discussed for the first time. Mr. Miller characterized it, agreeably to his fast political principles; and those of us who suggested aught to the contrary, or felt in the least charitable, were treated with his silence. But on the next day Mr. Ochs, moved by the drama of events in Dublin, especially I believe by the character of the Irish Joan of Arc, made one of his flying leaps and landed flat on the other side. "At least," he said, "they were willing to lay down their lives for what they believed in, right or wrong. That is one of the finest qualities." He expressed it badly,

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but he did force the other point of view, and Mr. Miller was obliged to relax a bit. Mr. Ochs thought Mr. Mortimer might write "a paragraph about it" in his Topics, which, of course, was no place for the treatment of such a subject. Frequently Mr. O. refers a thing that way to Mortimer, knowing either that Mortimer will write it as he wants it written, or that Mr. Miller, rather than allow Mortimer to slop over into political subjects, will do it himself on a basis of compromise. And that is what happened in this case.

The secret—the secret of the man himself and of his success with the *Times* as well—is that Mr. O. has crowd-consciousness. He, with a newspaper, is like the orator. Both of them address a crowd, with an understanding of its emotions, or rather, with a likeness of emotions, and as the orator and the crowd react on each other, so Mr. O. and the *Times* readers react on each other.

Mr. Ochs is a crowd.

June 5, 1916

It is agreed at last that I shall leave the *Times* not later than July 1, and earlier if there is no strain of work. I managed it to save everybody's feelings. In my note of resignation to Mr. O. I expressed a feeling of personal affection for both him and Mr. Miller, deep regret at breaking away from a number of very pleasant associations, and said that my work with the *Times* could not be worth as much either to me or to the *Times* as the work I was going to do would be worth both to me and to the newspaper to which I intended to transfer it. Before sending for me Mr. Ochs had Mr. Miller and Van Anda up, to tell them. Then he asked me to come up, and on seeing me he said: "I am very much surprised." I said again that I was very sorry to feel that I had to do it, and that the thing that hurt me most was to break my personal contact with him, since I had come to feel not only an attachment for him but a very deep regard. That disarmed him. He asked me if it was irrevocable. I said in one sense it was; I had given it all the thought it deserved. But I had not definitely promised myself away; in courtesy to him I had withheld that. He evidently expected me to say something about counter inducements, but I did

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not. Instead I complimented him on the *Times* obliquely, by saying that none better than he should understand the passion of one to help in the making of a thing. I was going to the *Tribune,* a paper in the making. The *Times* was made. Thanks to his genius, it was so well and solidly made that there was almost nothing an individual could do to it. I was impatient to do things; and it was hard to get anything done on the *Times*—anything new. He said: "But you will not be as comfortable on the *Tribune* as here." I said: "I don't expect to be. The trouble is that I am too comfortable here. The comfort is killing." He looked at that with some surprise. Suddenly I said: "Why don't you buy the *Post,* and round out your career with an achievement in the way of a highbrow paper?" He responded enthusiastically. "I'm glad to hear you say that," he answered. "I've often thought of it. I could make a big success of the *Post.* Just the announcement that I had bought it would add a million dollars to its value. I know exactly what I should do with it. I'd use only the A. P. news, and bother no more about that end of it; but I'd spend a great deal of money on features of correspondence, articles on art and music and literature and politics. But tell me one thing—how would that help the *Times?*"

"It wouldn't help the *Times,*" I said, "but what of that?"

"It would divide my energies," he replied, "and in that way it would hurt the *Times.*" Then as if remembering what I had said about the *Times* being made he added: "I've hardly begun here yet." That is his dream—that he has yet a great deal more to do to the *Times.* The fact is that he is afraid to do anything more.

"You do not realize it," I said, "but you yourself are limited in your own expression by the traditions of this great institution that your industry and genius have created." That he definitely declined to believe. He talked of the great future of the *Times,* and of how futile the *Tribune*'s competition would turn out to be.

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Freud on Dostoevsky

HARVEY MINDESS

In 1927, Freud's character, abilities and outlook having fully crystallized, he wrote an essay entitled "Dostoevsky and Parricide." Through all the years since then, the piece has been virtually ignored by his detractors and, with one notable exception, uncritically accepted by his admirers. The lack of exegesis is unfortunate, for the arguments he puts forth simultaneously reveal Freud's brilliance and obtuseness as a literary commentator and his ingenuity and limitations as a psychologist.

The essay falls into two main divisions, the first representing an attack on Dostoevsky's moral stature, the second an analysis of his neurotic conflicts, gleaned in combination from the data of his personal behavior and the themes of his novels. What he has to say and what he fails to say in both parts, however, expose the psychoanalyst as clearly as they do the writer.

With regard to his subject's moral integrity, Freud points to the fact that Dostoevsky often vacillated between the extremes of passionate impulsiveness and equally passionate repentance. Then he offers this provocative analogy.

> The man who alternately sins and, in his remorse, makes high moral demands on himself, lays himself open to the reproach that he has made things too easy for himself . . . He reminds one of the barbarians of the great migrations, who murder and do penance therefor, where penitence becomes a technique to enable murder to be done . . . Nor [he concludes] was the ultimate result of Dostoevsky's moral struggles anything very glorious. After the most violent battles to reconcile the impulsive claims of the individual with the demands of the community, he ended up, retrograde fashion, with submission both to the temporal and the spiritual authorities, with veneration for the Tsar and the God of the Christians, and a narrow Russian nationalism . . . This is the weak point of the great personality. Dostoevsky threw away the chance of becoming a teacher and liberator of humanity; instead, he appointed himself its jailer.

The observations may be shrewd; however, they apply to Dostoevsky only partially, and superficially at that. Consider the analogy with "the barbarians of the great migrations." The novelist, Freud suggests, was given to a pattern of sinning, repenting and sinning again; repenting copiously, too, in order to appease his conscience and deceive himself, precisely so that he could sin again. Now there is little doubt that Dostoevsky did rebound repeatedly from fits of intemperance to fits of martyrdom, but he was neither oblivious of the problem nor disinclined to correct it. "Everywhere and in everything," he wrote, "I go to the uttermost limit; all my life I have overstepped the mark." What distinguished him in this respect, however, was not so much his intensity as his comprehension of it, his creative wrestling with it, the uncanny depth of vision it produced and, eventually, too, his handling of it. His uniqueness, as exemplified in every one of his works from *Notes from Underground* through *The Brothers Karamazov,* resided in a quality the polar opposite of the one Freud describes; *not* in an unusual ability to deceive himself and through repentance derive license for further transgressions, but in an unusual *inability* to deceive himself, in an excruciating defenselessness against his conflicts, in a torment-

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ing insight into both his own and general human nature. His uniqueness lay in his hypertrophied awareness of the clashing claims of impulse and conscience, instinct and morality, and in his final ability to live harmoniously and productively within this awareness.

Brought up under the scourge of a tyrannical, miserly father, in the repressive atmosphere of middle-class Russian provincialism, orphaned in his teens, unjustly banished to Siberia for eight long years, suffering all his life from severe and frequent attacks of epilepsy, Dostoevsky managed to become one of the greatest novelists of all time. He also settled down, after many a turbulent, neurotic adventure, to an enduring marriage filled with love and devotion. Harboring, too, the pangs of nihilism emanating from an acute recognition of man's petty, malicious, irrational, power-mad motives, he succored a religious faith of prodigious proportions—a faith we may criticize or reject, but which, we must admit, provided hope and integrity for the writer himself.

To declare, with Freud, that "Dostoevsky threw away the chance of becoming a teacher and liberator of humanity" is simply to display intolerance of a world view one does not share. The Russian, it is true, did end his life as an affirmer of Christ and as a political reactionary; he also marked its end, however, with the writing of *The Brothers Karamazov*. To assert that this magnificent creation—with its voluminous passages exposing vice and treachery in the Church, cruelty and injustice in the established social order, hypocrisy rampant in all human relations—is the production of a "jailer" of mankind, is curious indeed.

Freud, who in other instances was unsurpassable as a detector of man's complexity, deals here in erroneous oversimplification. What led the great analyst to falter in this case? A correspondence between Freud and Theodor Reik contributes pertinent information.

Commenting on Freud's essay, Reik had written:

> Our first impression of [the judgment of Dostoevsky] is that it is stern but just. On second thought it seems sterner than just . . . We freely grant that his is not the highest stage of morality who alternately sins and then sincerely repents. But, while once upon a time renunciation was the sole criterion of morality, it is now but one of many. If it were the sole criterion, then the upright middle-class philistine, to whose shabby imagination submission is natural, and to whose blunt senses renunciation is easy, would be morally far greater than Dostoevsky . . . Renunciation in itself is after all not so important; what we respect is renunciation that is the victory over powerful impulses . . . Let us not succumb to shallow and conventional judgments; we must perceive that morality resides in the struggle with the instinctual forces and not in the victory over them.

Reacting to this criticism, Freud wrote back, "I would not contest in the least the upright philistine's right to call his behavior good and moral, even though he has attained it at the cost of little self-conquest." While the standpoint thus affirmed might comfortably take its place in the Sunday paper's famous maxims, its shallowness in comparison to Reik's formulation and its implicit abandonment of the psychoanalytic focus on inner dynamics seem incompatible with Freud's usual depth and, consequently, suggest that a personal limitation has been touched.

Perusal of Ernest Jones's *Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*, the official biography, reveals that, despite his unremitting curiosity about the vagaries of human nature and the extremes to which intense conflict can lead, Freud remained personally a well-defended, upright, bourgeois citizen who looked askance at the untamed human being. Jones refers to him as "chaste and puritanical." Reik says, "His capacity for self-control was extraordinary." And Joan Riviere comments, "He was compelled by destiny to be a great man in his work; but he lived his private life as an ordinary man, and he believed in that kind of life. He disliked pathological types and extremes of any kind."

If further evidence is required that these propensities deflected his aim at the Russian novelist, Freud himself supplies it. "You are also quite right," he wrote Reik,

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"in your assumption that I do not really like Dostoevsky, despite all my admiration for his power and nobility. That comes from the fact that my patience with pathological natures is completely exhausted in my daily work. In art and life I am intolerant toward them."

Perhaps the foregoing, taken as an exposé of how Freud's personal biases could influence his professional judgment, may seem degrading to his genius. Such a conclusion is unwarranted, however, for the psychoanalyst's supreme ability to forage in the contents of the unconscious need not qualify him as a philosopher of morals. Besides, Freud, more effectively than any modern thinker, showed that every value a man stands for is conditioned by his personal needs; so it is only logical that, divesting ourselves of the tinted spectacles of the hero-worshipers, we should discover areas in which he fits his own findings.

In any case, Freud as psychologist takes over only in the second part of the essay. Intertwining observations on the writer's life with observations on his novels, he proceeds as follows. Dostoevsky concentrates on violent, criminal actions in his fiction. He "singles out from all others violent, murderous, and egoistic characters . . ." This indicates the existence of similar tendencies in himself. Further evidence of his destructive impulses is furnished by his epilepsy. Freud regards it as "hystero-epilepsy, that is, as serious hysteria," and interprets the attacks as his destructiveness turned inward, as self-punishment mediated by intense guilt feelings. Dostoevsky's guilt complex and resultant need for punishment are established, moreover, by his remarkable reaction to his Siberian imprisonment: his sense of having been "cured" by the experience, and his willing submission to the authority of the Tsar.

The source of his murderous impulses Freud locates in the child Fyodor's reactions to his father. Speaking of a repeated childhood fantasy Dostoevsky had that he was about to die, Freud says:

> We know the meaning and intention of such death seizures. They signify identification with a dead person, either one who is really dead or one still alive whom one wishes dead . . . Psycho-analytic doctrine here makes the assertion that this other person for a boy is usually the father; the hysterical attack is thus a punishment for having wished for the death of a hated father.

The adult Dostoevsky's unusual concern with problems of guilt and self-loathing, as expressed for example in *Notes from Underground* and *Crime and Punishment,* and his exaltation of suffering as the price of redemption are traced to the tragic event of his father's actual murder. This occurrence, Freud maintains, put an intolerable, lifelong burden on the son as it fulfilled his secret parricidal wishes. It was, furthermore, his abiding guilt that determined his political and religious attitudes.

Freud takes *The Brothers Karamazov,* with its central theme of parricide, as conclusive proof of the validity of his analysis. Since the elder Karamazov's murderer was the epileptic Smerdyakov, Freud says, "[It is] as if [Dostoevsky] were trying to confess that the epileptic, the neurotic, in him was a parricide." And since the accused, Dmitri, was in rivalry with his father for Grushenka's love, he claims the Oedipal nature of the conflict is exposed as well. He goes on to state:

> Dostoevsky's sympathy for the criminal is . . . boundless . . . The criminal is to him almost a Redeemer, who has taken on himself the guilt which others would otherwise have had to bear. One need not now commit murder, after he has committed murder, but one must be grateful to him, because without him one would oneself have to have been a murderer. That is not pure kindliness and sympathy; it is identification on the basis of a similar murderous impulse . . . There is no doubt that this identifying sympathy was a decisive factor in determining Dostoevsky's choice of material. He dealt first with the common criminal—the criminal from egoism—the political and the religious criminal, and not until the end of his life did he come back to the primal criminal, the parricide, and in him made his poetical confession.

This is the high point of Freud's essay. In the persuasiveness of his reasoning, the appropriateness of his evidence, the issue

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would appear to be settled. To contend with him is certainly audacious; and yet contend with him we must, for the simple reasons that his arguments are faulty, his evidence distorted.

Consider his assertion that the Russian writer "singles out from all others violent, murderous, and egoistic characters . . ." It happens, as even the most casual reader of the novelist can attest, to be in error. The pantheon of Dostoevsky's literary creations includes every sort of character from the humblest to the most assertive, with the meek, loving, trustful, even saintly, mingling with the violent, the criminal, the malicious, all diluted by quite average, conventional, prosaic types.

In *Crime and Punishment,* for instance, Dostoevsky did not satisfy himself with the creation of Raskolnikov, the tormented murderer; he simultaneously invented Sonya Marmeladov, one of the humblest, purest martyrs in all literature; the detective Porfiry, a supreme embodiment of the principles of justice; and the reliable, well-balanced, unimaginative Razumihin. If it be objected that the story nevertheless remains Raskolnikov's, that he is still the central, most important figure, we need only call to mind the saintly, meek Prince Myshkin, central figure of *The Idiot,* to ascertain that, Freud's prejudicial judgment notwithstanding, Dostoevsky did not focus just on criminal types.

If we take the Karamazov family as a unified example and examine the members with our eyes wide-open, we will see the true extent of Dostoevsky's curiosity. It ranged over every vital human emotion from sensual lust to holy love, every moral position from depravity to martyrdom, every kind of behavior from willful deceit to unconscious ambivalence to normal reliability to supernormal altruism.

Consider, too, Freud's assumption that Dostoevsky's epilepsy was hysterical in nature. All available evidence contradicts him. In the first place, there was no coherent psychodynamic pattern in the attacks; they occurred in periods of excitement and quiescence, stress and lack of stress, in the heat of anger and in pleasant social intercourse—in other words, at all sorts of times and under all sorts of circumstances. In the second place, Dostoevsky had a child who died in infancy of epilepsy, a fact that strongly indicates that the disease was inherited and therefore genetic, rather than neurotic. And in the third place, if the seizures, as Freud claims, represented a self-punishing mechanism, they should have decreased during the novelist's imprisonment, as his supposed need for punishment was being fully gratified by the authorities. Yet Freud himself admits that, "Most of the accounts, including Dostoevsky's own, maintain rather that the illness first assumed a definite epileptic character during the exile in Siberia."

It is typical of Freud's tenacity, amounting here to willful stubbornness, that in the face of all these facts he chose to cleave to his farfetched assumption. With reference to Dostoevsky's own descriptions of the attacks, he says, "Unfortunately there is reason to distrust the autobiographical accounts of neurotics . . ." And what about the other accounts? Although he had just acknowledged their existence, he was content to ignore them in favor of his own pet theory.

Finally, consider the high point of the essay, culminating in the assertion, "He dealt first with the common criminal—the criminal from egoism—the political and the religious criminal, and not until the end of his life did he come back to the primal criminal, the parricide, and in him made his poetical confession." The argument this sentence caps had suggested that the writer had been plagued all his life by criminal impulses emanating from the parricidal complex, that he had found partial relief through displacement of the emotion into his novels, and that he had eventually made a full admission in the story of the elder Karamazov's murder.

There is both truth and ingenuity in this deduction. In relating the themes of Dostoevsky's fiction to his personal unconscious conflicts, and in picturing creative writing as a cathartic public confession, Freud laid out an avenue for literary exploration which has since been trod by

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many. In surmising that the core of Dostoevsky's neurotic torments must be sought in the tragic circumstance of his father's murder, he employed his analytic skill effectively.

And yet the truth of Freud's deduction is only fragmentary, the ingenuity of his portrayal of creative writing as a "confession" only of limited value.

Dostoevsky, after all, did not begin by writing about criminal types. His first two books, *Poor Folk* and *The Double,* hardly bear on the problem. Secondly, it was not following his father's death, but following his Siberian imprisonment, his horrendous, soul-shaking experience of living on the most intimate terms with every sort of actual criminal, that his concern with violent, murderous characters blossomed. Thirdly, Raskolnikov (if that is who Freud means) is certainly no "common criminal," embodying as he does more than one weighty philosophical dilemma. No careful reader can fail to see that he represents certain fundamental attitudes to life that his author wrestled with and judged perverse. Thus, to conclude that he is just a violent type does him little justice. And finally, the suggestion that the Karamazov story embodies, psychologically, nothing more than a confession of a personal neurotic complex fails to grasp the complexity of Dostoevsky's inner processes.

It is true, of course, that the manifest content of *The Brothers Karamazov* centers on the question of the sons' involvement in their father's murder. But the latent content, hardly hidden, in fact peeking through at every aperture, expands the story's focus from the relations between fathers and sons to the relations between man and God. In the author's own words, "The chief problem dealt with throughout this particular work is the very one which has, my whole life long, tormented my conscious or subconscious being: the question of the existence of God."

Now the first point to consider is, why are these two themes intermingled? Why did the Russian novelist, setting out to explore, as fully as he could, the question of God's existence, clothe the quest in the trappings of this particular plot? Undoubtedly, the two problems—ambivalence regarding belief in God and concern with the murderous hatred of a father by his sons—were interwoven in his mind. To this extent, Freud's aim is on the mark. We are indebted to him for investigating (although not so much here as elsewhere) the relations between father complexes and religious beliefs. Nevertheless, his failure to envision anything beyond a confession of guilt in *The Brothers Karamazov* leaves us unfulfilled.

The psychological implications of a novel of this magnitude can hardly be reduced to a single story line. Nor are they adequately explained by the author's stated intention. At the very least, we must pay heed to the central characters: to the types of individuals they are, to the standpoints they profess, and to their fate. Even then we will not nearly have encompassed the full meaning of the work, but at least we will be moving in that direction.

For our purposes here, let us consider only the Karamazov family—the father, Fyodor, the three sons, Dmitri, Ivan and Alyosha—and the bastard son and murderer, Smerdyakov. More than once, Dostoevsky refers to them as a representation of the Russian society of his day. But they are also something else. One of the most intriguing curiosities of *The Brothers Karamazov,* which has never, to my knowledge, been discussed, is the fact that the author, in effect, *gave his own name,* Fyodor, to all the leading characters. The father being Fyodor Pavlovitch, each of the sons—Dmitri Fyodorovitch, Ivan Fyodorovitch and Alexy (Alyosha) Fyodorovitch—bears the cognomen as well. Even the bastard, Smerdyakov, is Fyodorovitch to the extent that the old man admits his paternity. Now this can hardly be fortuitous. A writer of established genius, laboring to compose a masterpiece to climax his lifelong endeavors, does not idly or unconsciously select names for his major characters. The names he chooses must have meaning for him, and when the factor that distinguishes them is that they are all variations on his own, there is only one deduc-

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tion to be made. He is openly avowing that these characters are all parts of himself.

It seems to me conclusive that, when he sat down to write *The Brothers Karamazov,* Dostoevsky's knowledge of himself included recognition of the utterly unprincipled sensuality embodied in the old man, the intellectual brilliance and cynicism of Ivan, the proud, declamatory lust and passion of Dmitri, the devout, kindhearted altruism of Alyosha, and the smug, stupid treachery and maliciousness of Smerdyakov. Thus, to the extent that the work can be conceived as a "confession," it involves far more than an admission of parricidal impulses; it is a confession—but dramatic sublimation would be an apter phrase—of the complex, driven, rational-irrational, petty and noble, lustful and holy, nihilistic and believing creature Dostoevsky knew himself to be.

Freud's analysis is accurate, as far as it goes; the trouble is, it never goes far enough. He perceives, and elucidates, one important aspect of the writer, but he never gets him whole, and he seems blithely unaware of the fact that he has misconstrued part of a man for the entire man. Let us recall his inference regarding Smerdyakov, "[It is] as if [Dostoevsky] were trying to confess that the epileptic, the neurotic, in him was a parricide." Since the father killer is, in fact, an epileptic, the conclusion would appear to be warranted. Anyone, however, with the slightest knowledge of Dostoevsky's *œuvre* will immediately aver that Smerdyakov is by no means the only epileptic who figures in his fiction. The most fully developed epileptic he created was, of course, Prince Myshkin—a figure standing at the opposite pole to the bastard son. Almost unbelievably saintly, Myshkin must lead us, *à la* Freud, to assert, "It is as if Dostoevsky were trying to confess that the epileptic, the neurotic, in him was a saint." But the truth would probably be circumscribed most fully by a formulation combining both interpretations. Dostoevsky's epilepsy, whether organically based or neurotically motivated (or both), represented the repeated short-circuiting of an overtaxed nervous system: it was perhaps the most dramatic symptom of an apocalyptic temperament, a constitution living on the edge of chaos, open almost always to the extremes of human experience, capable of receiving raw those horrifying and ecstatic impulses and visions most of us sense only dimly in ourselves. Kirillov, the epileptic in *The Possessed,* says:

> There are seconds—they come five or six at a time—when you suddenly feel the presence of the eternal harmony perfectly attained. It's something not earthly—I don't mean in the sense that it is heavenly—but in the sense that man cannot endure it in his earthly aspect . . . This feeling is clear and unmistakable; it's as though you apprehend all nature and suddenly you say, "Yes, that's right." . . . It's not that you love—oh, there's in it something higher than love—what's most awful is that it's terribly clear and such joy. If it lasted more than five seconds the soul could not endure it and must perish. In those five seconds I live through a lifetime, and I'd give my whole life for them, because they are worth it.

This is the side of the affliction Freud could not appreciate, and it is the side that gives Dostoevsky three- (if not four-) dimensionality. Call it sick or inspired, abnormal or supernormal, the Russian novelist was intimately, experientially aware of paroxysmal agony and incandescent beatitude. Any true assessment of his being must encompass both these poles.

Freud's analysis of Dostoevsky culminates in the impression that he was a doomed neurotic, a guilt-ridden, self-destructive individual who never successfully resolved his Oedipus complex, and the most the psychoanalyst can see in his writing is that it allowed him a cathartic outlet for his conflicts. All biographical accounts of the writer's life, however, indicate that although he did suffer serious neurotic problems, he became more and more able, as the years progressed, to control them. (His first marriage, for example, was marred by bickering, strife and mutual infidelity; his second marriage, lasting fourteen years until his death, was distinguished by mutual devotion, tender concern and passionate love.) And his writing, I must argue, contributed mightily to his

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development. Much more than catharsis or confession, it became a vehicle of inner exploration, a kind of self-analysis, a stage on which he could both dramatize his torments and objectify them.

The line of works from *Notes from Underground* through *The Brothers Karamazov* can be cogently described as milestones on his path of self-development. In the vituperative nihilism of the underground man as in the selflessness of Myshkin, in the power-driven frenzy of Raskolnikov, the sadomasochistic infatuation of the Gambler, the political extremities of Stavrogin and his cohorts, and the complicated problems of the Karamazovs, not to mention the exquisite hysterics, tempered cruelty and unbounded passion of his various heroines, he portrayed all aspects of his personal emotional and philosophical dilemmas, exposing their roots and ramifications as unerringly as he was able, and consummating the endeavor with the extraordinary insights and world view recorded in his final masterpiece.

Is it not suspicious to find Freud—whose worldwide fame rests largely on his elucidation of the Oedipus complex and its parricidal implications—degrading the man who, a quarter of a century earlier, had wittingly proclaimed to the world: "Who doesn't desire his father's death"? Is it too much to suspect the play of vanity beneath the analyst's supposedly objective judgments? And is it too farfetched to wonder whether the religious, existential *Weltanschauung* Dostoevsky built on the base of "Freudian" insights into human nature was intolerably unsettling to the atheistic, rationalistic psychoanalyst?

The legacy of Dostoevsky's labors may not be inspiring, or even acceptable, to everyone. Indeed, there are aspects of his final viewpoints, as there must have been aspects of his mature character, that appear foolish, if not reprehensible, to most of us. But that negates neither his creative genius nor his related psychological development. Dostoevsky was a ferment, an obsessed but a "becoming" individual. Freud detected, with ingenious psychoanalytic skill, one source of his obsessions, but he failed, through all-too-common psychoanalytic blindness, to recognize the writer's self-engendered development and the part his writing played in it.

Despite his unequaled talent in analyzing human fixations, neuroses and regressive phenomena of all kinds, Freud, it seems clear, was deficient in perceiving instances of spontaneous inner development —creative achievements of integrity and insight in individuals who have been in the past, or who even remain, disturbed.

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Enigma Variations

ROGER DU BEARN

That fine connoisseur of words, Mr. Brendan Gill, has just edited a Halcyon Booklet containing the heart of a little classic of language, Pedro Carolino's *New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English.* The work first appeared in the United States in 1883 with an introduction by Mark Twain, who said of it: "whatsoever is perfect in its kind, in literature, is imperishable: nobody can add to the absurdity of this book . . . its immortality is secure."

Certainly the *New Guide* possesses one of the merits of true belles-lettres: it is entirely useless. It would defy the most fanatical utilitarian to make it serve his purpose. Consider the climax of Dialogue 8, *"With the tailor:*—Button me.—It pinches me too much upon the stomach.—That a coat go too well, it must that he be just.—The sleeves have not them great deal wideness?—No, sir, they are well.—Where is the remains from the cloth? It is anything from rest."

Although you must admire the poetic compression and rhetorical subtlety of that dramatic interchange, you may say the subject is too low to permit a judgment on the moral value of Carolino's work. Yet the moral question has to be raised, because since the very time of Carolino's vogue, the eighties and nineties, moral value has been held to be as bad in art as practical use in books.

So let us follow our Portuguese guide into the moral realm:—"Have you heard that we shall have the war?—I have not unterstook to speak of it.—They speak however of a siege.—It was spoken, but it is not true: on contrary, they speak of the peace.—Do you think that you shall have it?—I think yes.—What is said in town?—It is spoken from a voyage.—When they believe that the king shall start?—It is not know.—Where they tell that he go to?—Some ones tell to Flanders, others in Germany."

Some critics, after this, will judge harshly our misunderstood artist's capacity for coherence. But I maintain that his sensibility is fine though flitting. I should say it is flitting because it is fine. What it yields for our delight is the kaleidoscopy of existence. He is a skeptic and asks many questions. He is an existentialist and gives brave arbitrary answers. And again, what compression! In a mere forty-three dialogues, each hardly more than a page, we travel (as he would say) the cosmos. We start for to wish the good morning and end—life being but a walking shadow—with Idiotisms and Proverbs, the maxims of a poignant philosophy: "The necessity don't know the low.—He go to four feet . . .—He is bare. . . ,—He not understand the jest . . . ," all of which added together restate the riddle of life: "To do appearance at a bad game."

Such is the test of great art—to start useless and come out facing the ultimate. If we ask what the secret of Carolinian artistry is, we need only point to the device—the aesthetic, if you prefer—that our author created, and of which he remains the sole exemplar and master. I mean the submerged speech—*oratio summersa,* also

✪ ROGER DU BEARN's work has appeared in *Vanity Fair* and the *New Yorker* as well as frequently in this department.

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known among hostile critics as "iceberg rhetoric." What is meant is that Carolino's astonishing effects in English are largely due to his straining his Portuguese visions through the sieve of French ("Yes, sir," he tells us, "I attempts to translate of french by portuguese"). This is what generates the forms: "Is it complete this parlour furniture of damask crimson?" and "That pond it seems me many multiplied of fishes." One needs no proof: the sensibility is Portuguese, the sense is French, the triumphant nonsense is English.

But an art of such elevation alters all our judgments of previous art—and not alone the literary. Carolino's use of another structure and other materials under what I might call the glaze of modern speech brings to mind the technique of our painters, under whose visual projections are buried the skeletons of divers remembered forms. Or again in our plays, in our middle-guard music, in our posh advertising, in our bedroom and studio manners, lurk the fossilized remains of, respectively, an earlier dramaturgy, a major-minor harmony, a compost of museum and library treasures, a set of gentlemanly and ladylike usages, all recast into the allusive enigmas of our day. That is what makes contemporary life so amusing. "I hope it," as our author says, "I not fear what the hail."

In the face of these truths, so easily seen and so clearly imparted, it will hardly be believed that there are people, institutions, lobbying groups that want to spoil the sport by reducing this life-giving fantasy to common prose. They maintain that even though we understand Carolino and he transports us by his genius, he writ no language. That was the charge against the divine Spenser, who survived it. Can Carolino and his disciples in our midst survive the onslaught of a reactionary rhetoric embodied in cocky manuals of usage and obese dictionaries? Take the latest of these, by Random House. It says that "language is an indispensable instrument of human society," which strikes me as a paradox if language is a convention, as undoubtedly it is. How convene upon language if society does not preexist? And then again, says the dictionary, "language is the means by which individuals understand each other." Don't we wish it were! The conclusion is perhaps sounder: something or other called "the effectiveness of human society" is declared to be "dependent upon the clarity, accuracy, and efficiency with which language is used or understood." But wouldn't "accuracy" here be greater if the sentence read "used *and* understood"?

Never mind! Here are thousands of words to be clear and accurate with. What do they do for the poetry of life as against the lexicographers' dreadful obsession with "individuals functioning as a community," with "modern man's functioning well in his society" and "keeping pace with the dynamic growth of his language"? *Whose* language? Why dynamic? How *growth*? Once more, never mind! The words most of us use are all there, defined without any intrusion of elegance or wit such as ruined Dr. Johnson's reputation for seriousness. Many words are classified, some apparently by the Housing Commissioner, who calls them "substandard," like a tenement. And although the phrases or sentences illustrative of use do not lead the innocent very far, there are little essays on usage by Mr. Theodore Bernstein that explain why, for instance, *ain't* is logical but wrong for educated speakers in the nonjocular mood. It is odd, though, to find *like* as a conjunction rightly disallowed yet "hobbies *like* photography or painting" declared substandard. This vagary will only encourage people who say "I accepted the invitation as my wife."

No doubt the new dictionary supplies enough words for the business of functioning and even of understanding one another. But that is not what makes the work obese and antiliterary. What swells the docket is that side by side with the mother tongue is a mass of mere terms: hundreds of scientific portmanteaus, to begin with, that cannot be sounded or spelled, but exist like the gold at Fort Knox, to back up if necessary the meaningless initials spoken among specialists; then many too many proper names, of men and places, with dates and population respectively at-

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tached. I do not mind *Fannie Farmer* or *Sauk Center,* both evocative of good things, but I grudge the space to *Orval Faubus* and *Momence, Ill.* (pop. 2949). ("When to the Momence of sweet silent thought. . . ."—no, it isn't as good as the original.) Besides, why is La Jolla not there? If a dictionary is to be also a desk encyclopedia, then it should take thought and give learning instead of the obvious. Forget *Paulette* as a girl's name and tell us it was a tax on officeholding under the old regime in France. And why, *why* the silliness and insufficiency of: *"Allyn,* a girl's given name; *Lundy,* a boy's given name"? Think of the old Latin grammar published by Allyn and Bacon, of the eminent shipwreckers established on Lundy. Do we have to be told in print that *Norm* is the diminutive of *Norman,* a boy's g . . . . n . . . ? I must say, the lack of imagination and the insistence on the needless in our technical (dynamic, functioning) civilization are at times beyond belief.

They can be illustrated even from the common-word entries of this book, which is so deficient in weightlessness. For example, what need of *écrasé, elinguation, eloign, embassador, furfuraceous,* followed a little later by a long list of *non*-words, many unreadable and some quite imaginary, for example, *nonastronomic, nonvaginal, non-Attic,* et cetera? It's a pity, too, that Churchill's unlucky *triphibious* should be accepted here and etymologized. It will only encourage the pedants, just as giving rights to *timewise* and *marketwise* will only encourage the ubiquitous *-wise* guys. As for sanctioning the illogical "water is *comprised* of hydrogen and oxygen," it will sooner or later lead to: "Electrolysis is a process by which water may be decomprised."

Apropos of definitions, the art of writing them is at a low ebb. Consider: *"A-Z test,* a test for determining the pregnancy of a woman by noting, etc.," when the meaning is "for determining whether a woman is pregnant;" and again: *"Nip and tuck,* in a race or contest, with one competitor equaling the speed or efforts of the other." The meaning of *with* in this last sentence can certainly not be found in the dictionary in which the sentence occurs. Nor does it seem fair to follow the physical definition of *paperback* with the words: "a book of this type . . . that is highly entertaining, sensational, or titillating, but has no literary value." Why, Random House itself publishes dead and dying authors in paperback, and in the name of virtue, not titillation.

On the whole, I think that these days we do less well with words and with paint than with sounds and with cameras. More of such poetry as is left in our souls has gone into the last pair, and the first is dry. We may think we pay equal attention to form and detail in all four arts, but neither practitioners nor beholders really do. Give me the photo and the tape and I will prove the thesis. The love of words and the passionate fantasy that animated Pedro Carolino are in eclipse. His devotion to making conversation flourish had, thank God, no thought in it of society functioning or—obviously—of individuals straining to understand each other. His art fostered a spontaneous mating of minds across two, three, four languages, the fourth being his own unsurpassable creation. How Carolino achieved an immortality denied to us was not wholly the result of genius. He worked for it, as our productions show that we do not. We are lazy and our infancy lasts too long. This too he foresaw and warned us about in characteristic phrase and rhythm: "Apply you at the study during that you are young."

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the way it is

Pull Through

WALTER TELLER

Pull Through. Everything depends on it.

To the Shore. This day, were my father alive, he would celebrate eighty-three. I remember his latter days vividly—his way of coping with rising old age—but most of my recollections of him come from his life's middle range. Sometimes I not only see my father in my mind's eye, but even feel I know how he felt within. Yet how can that be? He was a short man. I am not. Our proportions differ. Furthermore, how can anyone know how it feels to abide in another's bones; in another man's nervous and vascular systems?

My father's birthday, barometer high and rising. Heavy textured gray-to-white fair-weather clouds churn slowly across the sky. A full of life day, the kind of day on which I expect to discover something. I decide to head for the Jersey shore, for the sake (I suppose) of the anniversary—but not at all sure—and also because at this time of year a day at the shore provides living outside the traffic. I reach for my windbreaker, pull it on over two sweaters, and as I do so, see in recall my father haul himself into a similar garment. Shared tastes, or simply that clothes have not really changed? Whatever the reason, the mental picture, startlingly clear, is with me as I start off.

Keeping to secondary roads I leave Mercer, enter Monmouth County, drive through midlands still being farmed, through villages hanging on from colonial times—Dutch Neck, Edinburg, Robbinsville—the last, once called Hungry Hill. But the hill, I figure, must have been strictly from hunger. I find no more than a slight undulation. This flat-visaged ground, however, is not without beauty. The flatter the land, the bigger the sky. Or say that what is missing in height has been added to the horizon.

Heading south, into Ocean County, through softwoods country, pine barrens and cedar swamps, I go tooling and singing aloud old songs. I wheel down a long stretch of tenantless road lined with punctured beer cans and emptied throwaway bottles. Now and again, at an intersection, I see a roadstand mercifully closed until spring.

It is noon when I fetch up at Manahawkin. On Bay Avenue I note a welcome sight—cars standing at ease in front of a yellow diner. The Travelers Diner. Home Cooked Meals, I read. Home Cooked Meals can be the greasiest words in the language. Nevertheless I park the car and go in.

I order and eat a ham and egg sandwich on toast, drink a cup of coffee, spoon down a dish of rice pudding—just such a lunch as my father ate. My father, when traveling by automobile, liked to put in at a highway diner—for the sake of the scene and the overheard talk as much as the short-order victuals. He was spared, I am thinking, this particular coffee; and the rice pudding he invariably went for—here

✪ Among WALTER TELLER's books are *Area Code 215: A Private Line in Bucks County* and *The Search for Captain Slocum: A Biography*. Mr. Teller lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

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it would not have suited at all, not nearly creamy enough.

Restored, I get under way again, bound for Barnegat Bay and Long Beach Island. I have read very recently Robert Juet's log. Juet was mate to Henry, or Harry—never Hendrick—Hudson when the Englishman captained the Dutch ship *Half Moon*. In the summer of 1609, after sailing the Delaware River and finding no northwest passage to China, Hudson rounded the coast of New Jersey. Bearing northeast by north, he passed by Barnegat Bay—in Juet's log, "a great Lake of water, as we could judge it to bee." As for Barnegat Inlet, Juet reported, "The mouth of that Lake hath many shoals, and the Sea breaketh on them as it is cast out of the mouth of it . . . This is a very good Land to fall in with, and a pleasant Land to see."

A very good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see, I repeat as I barrel over the causeway and onto the Island. Only it isn't so. One recognizes the fact at once. Where Juet saw beach grass I see concrete. The words, Long Beach, convey the shape and topographical character; a sandy strip, a coastal barrier, with low-lying dunes on the ocean side, salt marsh and sedge on the bay. Through dense stands and plantings of summer houses a nine-mile road traverses the north-south axis.

Driving north the view is stroboscopic, broken by flashes of ocean and bay seen through narrow apertures, slots of space left between structures that run a full gamut of architectural violation and crime. Alternating views, interrupted thoughts. My father, so far as I know, never set foot here. Born, raised and schooled in Philadelphia, he was destined to reach the shore at Atlantic City on now hard-to-recognize Absecon Island, somewhat south of Long Beach. Absecon—Indian word—said to mean place of swans. My father liked etymology. He also liked Jewish history. A rare commodity hereabouts, I muse as I drive my car of wrong size and color . . . and my train of thought and association. I recall something said to have been a tradition which, although not Jewish, nevertheless impinges: that a descendant of Vasco da Gama was cast away on this shore.

When Vasco da Gama, Portuguese navigator and discoverer of the sea route to India, arrived on the Malabar Coast, he was met by a Jew, Polish-born—his original name now unknown—who had traveled to Egypt, been taken prisoner, then sold into slavery in India. Vasco da Gama seized the man, sprinkled a little water on him, and baptized him Gaspar da Gama. He then set the man, whose soul he believed he had saved, to piloting Portuguese ships in Indian waters.

Vasco da Gama's method of proselytizing was the one he had learned at home. The Forced Conversion in Portugal persuaded most Spanish and Portuguese Jews to adopt the ruling religion. But of those converted under duress, many remained Jews at heart. Jews in everything but name, Christian in nothing but external form, the crypto-Jews were called by Jews, anusim. The Hebrew word means the constrained. The world, however, called them Marranos, a medieval Spanish word for swine. Scholars, merchants, diplomats, physicians —many in the highest ranks of the land, and among the people of Israel, were Marranos. So the crude epithet became a proud name.

On returning to Portugal, Vasco da Gama took with him his baptized but secretly Jewish pilot. In those circumstances, what befell Gaspar? Did he marry, find a Marrano wife? Did he have a crypto-Jewish career, perhaps in shipping and trade? History does not say. The past is close-mouthed. This much, however, is certain. Not many years later the Portuguese Inquisition drove the Marranos out of the country—to Holland, England, and across the ocean to Dutch and English settlements in the New World. Hence a possible link with Gaspar da Gama. And with further New Jersey unauthenticated tradition.

If one judges the world by Jewish experience of it, nothing is too fantastic. Fantastic the crypto-Jewish story, heroic, tragic, often romantic. Is this the way

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crypto-life must be? No life, however, can be wholly open. If all were open, and nothing hidden, then everything might be understood. There might then be no failure of comprehension, no imagination, no free form, and no intuited thing.

Variations on a Cryptonymous Theme occupy my mind as I drive along. I try to hum a few bars.

Barnegat Lighthouse rises from land's end beside the inlet to Barnegat Bay—the mouth of the lake, Robert Juet called it—where four times a day tidal waters boil. One hundred sixty-five feet tall, elegant slender red-and-white, the tower stands in a small reserve where he who stops his car may read: Barnegat Light, "Champion of the Tides," built, 1858, by General George Meade, later victor at Gettysburg . . . No double parking, no picnic, disrobing or dogs allowed on beach front, no jeeps, fires or littering, no sleeping in cars, no trailers. Fine $200. Police Dept. . .

A plaque reads, Massacre at Long Beach. October 25, 1782, a British vessel ran aground near Barnegat City and was captured by patriot militiamen under Capt. Andrew Steelman. That night while sleeping on the beach, Steelman and his men were massacred by Tory raiders led by John Bacon . . . No disrobing, littering or sleeping in cars.

Damn the cars—damn the sleeping. And damn the no sleeping. What one wants to know is more about George Gordon Meade. The passing of a hundred years transforms his Champion of the Tides into a work of art. No longer a working beacon—some years ago its beam was replaced by a lightship eight miles offshore—the pharos, soaring above the surrounding dreck, now signals a way to the beach. A fresh wind is blowing, massive clouds scudding low, as on foot I come around the end of the island.

It is there—all at once—flash-flashing and vast. On my left a dark green and pinky brown ocean, on my right a broad ribbon of fine-grained white sand—which I see, try to grasp, while at the same time, far down the beach, my eye meets the eye of the vanishing point. With side vision I see, with side hearing, hear deep water breaking on shoals. Close in I hear dying waves hissing. Winds beat my ears, turn my eyes to water. Gray-mantled gulls overhead scream kee-ow. This is superb, I feel like shouting. This is the way days should be.

Ahead, a surf caster stoops for clams, chowder-size quahogs, and stuffs them into his parka. His fishing gear, planted in sand, takes care of itself. I pick up and examine several quahogs—many are lying on the beach—alive but damaged, victims of draggers, I figure. I overtake the chap with clams in his parka. He bulges with clams. Cheerful-looking, ruddy, semiretired, he says he will take a bucket of saltwater home with the quahogs and thus separate the quick from the dead. From the former his wife will make clam sauce. He first came to Long Beach Island to visit, later decided to stay the year round. A wonderful place, he says further, except in the season, that is, in July and August. I am not sentimental about the men who, both appealing and unattractive, live and hunt alongshore. I mistrust the piratical laissez-faire look. When denizens of the beach say wonderful, I want to know what they mean.

Outside the shoals, the ocean rises crescendo, falls diminuendo in unbroken series of swells. Yellow shafts of light beam through rifts behind clouds. Pale sunlight fumes on the water. I pass groups of white people—no black people—hip-booted, casting, and casting again, aiming to hook free fish. Well-equipped, wearing beautiful cold-weather clothing, they personify social and ecological problems.

Sandpipers, sandpeeps up ahead. And always ahead. They live in the van of the traffic. Hurrying toward the water when the wave draws back, retreating when it advances, they seem tied to its rhythm. In motion, and also in contrary motion, they run down to feed on what washes in, or run up to keep their legs dry. Are they semipalmated, the most common kind? They look so to me. I feel, however, no need to be filing-card sure. What I want from paying heed to birds is not first of

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all facts, but rather a lift of the spirit. Sights of sandpipers pull you through.

I hoof down the beach as far as Lovelady. The name caught my eye. But a name like that is overdetermined. One expects too much. Lovelady, when I arrive, looks worn.

On the bay side now I gather an armful of sedge, panache of polluted backwaters. Afternoon fades. Waters turn gunmetal gray. Skies become lilac and ashy. I head for the car thinking: this was a day I went looking for something and found a lost land.

Long Beach is an island we had.

To the Midland. Roosevelt, where Ben Shahn lives, in the westernmost corner of Monmouth County, twenty miles from Trenton, is one of the newer names on the map. Launched in the Depression, 1933, by Benjamin Brown, a leader in the Jewish agricultural and cooperative movement, financed and built by various New Deal agencies, Jersey Homesteads (as Roosevelt then was called) aimed to become a triple cooperative community. The cooperators, Jewish and foreign-born, inured to hardship in Russia—and also New York—were a homogeneous urban group, needle trades workers and union members.

Jersey Homesteads occupied twelve hundred acres and sought to accommodate two hundred families. Each homestead comprised a one-acre garden plot and a dwelling of five to seven rooms with one-car garage and workshop attached. The houses, most of them two-family units, designed by Alfred Kastner and Louis Kahn, built of concrete blocks, were flat-roofed, one-story high, and painted white. A clothing factory, a dairy farm, and a consumer-goods store were provided, these to be cooperatively run.

The factory failed in its first year of operation. The farm failed next. And then the store. But the homesteaders, by and large, held on, found work nearby or far away. The community pulled through. After World War II, the government, which owned Jersey Homesteads all along, sold out to the inhabitants. At the same time the name of the place was changed to honor a recently fallen hero.

In Roosevelt today, on Rochdale Avenue, one sees a thriving school as well as a private enterprise store. A synagogue stands on Farm Lane; and near Homestead Avenue, the borough hall, and the library. Living among old-timers and their descendants are a number of writers and artists.

One afternoon I called on Ben Shahn. To pay my respects. I like his work and admire the man. I had telephoned first. He said he is usually gregarious after the day's work is done, but that since this day's work was already undone, could I come right over. He had been out early—an early morning appointment to see a man about a mural. "I'm not the lark, I'm the owl," he explained.

I found Ben Shahn in his studio, a foursquare and big workshop at the rear of his dwelling and connected to it. He is a tall, rangy, fine-looking man, vigorous, patriarchal, and although not bearded, well mustached and thatched with rich gray. His eyes are alive, his expression kindly. He speaks, quietly, easily, and welcomes you in. He has remodeled the original house and made handsome additions, but the Jersey homestead remains the core, recognizable and significant.

Shahn's studio walls are lined with paintings and graphics. He gave me time to get the feel of the place—a feeling of being where work is turned out—and to wander around among the tables and benches littered with paints and all manner of tools, paper and canvas, pencils, brushes and books. A lot going on. The preliminary moments passed. Ben Shahn sat down on a stool at the bench where he had been working. I took an old chair by the fireplace. There was an air of something settled.

Ben Shahn has been living in Roosevelt twenty-five years. He stays, he says, because he planted a tree, in fact, two trees, a willow—willows grow fast—and a Norway maple. What happened, however, is that he himself took root, and to his surprise, because at heart he is urban. He

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said he loves to walk the streets of his hometown, New York, and see his reflection in the plate-glass windows. As for walking beside the brook that slides past his house, he seldom goes near it.

"I traveled a great deal when I was young. I am not restless now," Ben Shahn said. After the First World War he studied in Paris, later was astonished when critics called him one of the Lost Generation. He thinks of himself as one of the Found Generation. Art—a word he dislikes—is not for him something apart from life. It is not a retreat into nature. How an artist lives is part of his art.

"Don't people usually live as they want, and psychologically get what they want?" I asked.

"People set up priorities," Ben Shahn said. He cited the example of a neighbor and friend, a man of little education who had become a successful builder. The man and his wife live in what many would call a nice home—well equipped, that is. The wife, however, is an obsessive housekeeper. She does not let the man step into the living room until he has bathed and changed his clothing. So he liked to come to Shahn's studio where he could sit by the unswept fireplace in a shabby old chair—the same that I sat in—and pick at the broken threads on the arm. Shahn said he often came in at the end of the day, just to sit a while, not saying much. Sometimes Shahn would continue working, and even forget the man was there. Or they might talk about what was going on in the town.

One day, however, when Shahn had just finished a picture, the builder announced that he liked it, and wanted to buy it. He said he had heard Shahn's paintings sold for high prices. He supposed Shahn would want ten thousand.

Shahn was very pleased. He replied he had worked three weeks on the painting. Would the builder give him three weeks of work in exchange? If so he could have it. The builder said yes, the arrangement was fine. A few days later Shahn saw him again. When do we start? Shahn asked. The builder begged off. "Ben," he said, "you know I want the picture, but when I told my wife and explained the deal—three weeks' work—she said we need other things first. She wants one of the new refrigerators with square edges—ours is the older kind with rounded edges. She wants to change the carpet in a couple of rooms. We want a TV set downstairs in the bar—you know we have only the one in the living room—so I don't know when I could get around to do the work for your painting. We better call it off."

As Shahn said of himself, he loves to tell stories. The artist, he said, desires approval most of all, is more interested in lovely adjectives concerning his work than in financial reward. Art, Ben Shahn said, is to show the outside world what goes on in you, or how it looks to your eyes. "I am apprehensive with every stroke," he said. "There is criticism in every stroke—of myself—my work—and everything being done around me."

Concerning a much discussed question, Shahn said, "The role of the artist is in society because where else can he be? His ideas come from involvement in society . . . The god of our society today is science and the artist in his desperate effort to get into society goes to science . . . The artist is fragmentizing . . . Art is inseparable from religion . . . All art is ex post facto."

To the Wood. Walking into Stony Brook wood I met a woman coming out, hiding behind dark glasses. As she passed she took them off. I recognized her, an acquaintance met once or twice. "Having trouble with your eyes?" I asked. They were red and swollen. "No," she said, "I've been crying. You know the bridge? That's my crying bridge." Her eyes filled as she spoke. She wiped them. "Men don't cry the way foolish women do," she said. "Men cry," I said. "There's a great deal to cry about. Some of my best friends cry." She gave a wan smile, and a look that I could not fathom, said nothing, put on her glasses and went.

She went her way. What else to do?

One walks, one cries. And one pulls through.

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CONtroversy

About Sociodicy

PROFESSOR DWIGHT G. DEAN writes: The intellectual homicide (or suicide) perpetrated by Daniel Bell on pages 700-701 of his "Sociodicy" article [Autumn 1966] cannot but discredit the editors. On page 701 he says:

> What does Professor Dean find? Surprisingly (to him at any rate) there is a statistically significant *negative* correlation between the three components of Alienation, and occupation, education, income and rural background.

Perhaps the critic is unfamiliar with the scientific method. The very *hypotheses* of this study were, indeed, that *negative* correlations would be found between alienation and occupation, education, income and rural background (*American Sociological Review*, 26, 5, p. 757). Are empirical investigators normally surprised when their hypotheses are sustained?

From a scholar's point of view, there is an even more appalling misrepresentation. Near the bottom of the same page, using scissors, paste and pen, Mr. Bell sandwiches with his comments a portion of a paragraph in which I cited the theoretical literature.

> So, after numerous suggested possible correlates of alienation with apathy, authoritarianism, conformity, cynicism, hoboism, political apathy, political hyperactivity or personalization in Politics, Prejudice, Privatization, Psychosis, Regression and Suicide. . . .

Mr. Bell slyly adds:

> the only statistically positive correlation of alienation (with three subtypes of normlessness, powerlessness and social isolation) is with Advancing Age! [*sic!*]

This can only be a desperate attempt to discredit, since my original article (p. 754) referred to the literature only as theoretical background, with a plea that research *should* be undertaken. *Not one* of the suggested correlates was included in my study. Yet Mr. Bell dishonestly implies that each of the above *suggested* correlates had been extensively investigated. In short, he quotes references to theoretical literature as if they were research citations. As a matter of fact, even to this date only a very few researches have been undertaken that attempted to relate any of these variables to alienation.

Further, our American Scholar is either so naïve or so purposefully misleading as to extract the only positive correlation (old age) and ignore the negative correlations (referred to above).

If he were seriously interested in discovering the relationship of alienation to variables suggested by theorists, he might have been willing to get out of his padded chair and undertake the laborious task of research. At the very least, he should not have overlooked in my article a footnote citing a 1960 publication by me (*Social Forces*, 38, 3, March 1960, 185-189). There the conclusions were, in part: "In any event, our results raise serious questions as to the utility of the concept of alienation as it has been used." (p. 189) Even the most unsophisticated high school student should have recognized that I was *challenging* and *disagreeing* with the "numerous suggested possible correlates of alienation," rather than attempting to support them, as Mr. Bell implies.

There is still another distortion. On page 701, Mr. Bell, after mentioning our conceptualization of alienation as having three independent subtypes, states: ". . . independent or not, Professor Dean proceeded to administer [the test]. . ." This bit of trickery gives the impression that one might carry forward empirical research in total disregard of his earlier, careful delineation of concepts. Surely it does not require any great exercise of scholarly vision to sense that the model is merely a heuristic device to further factual investigation and that

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the article in large measure represented simply the description of an attempt to develop a scale to measure alienation. Even the novice should have noted that results for the three scales were reported separately.

At the conclusion of my original article —in fact, just above one of the quotations Mr. Bell cites—is this statement: ". . . while most of the literature and our particular research have conceptualized *Alienation* as a phenomenon of Society, others have made the local community or associational activities the referent. Perhaps the individual's identification with, or Alienation from, *Society,* is experienced with reference to primary groups or voluntary associations." As a matter of fact, since this (1961) suggestion, several investigations have been undertaken with this perspective in mind. "Certainly" much more work remains to be done before the concept of alienation can be empirically validated. Certainly, also, accurate reading of the literature is a prerequisite!

Which scholar is cornered? Bell stands accused of either deliberate deceit or inability to grasp the meaning of an article in one of the journals of his profession—an article, one might add, accepted anonymously by a panel of our peers rather than by a board of editors of which the author was a member! I shall be happy to furnish reprints to any readers of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR who are scholarly enough to be willing to read the original.

Department of Sociology
Denison University

MR. BELL replies: Mr. Dean reminds me of the duelist in the *New Yorker* cartoon who does not realize that, *touché,* his head has been cut off in a slash. He assumes that I was conducting a scholarly debate *with* him over the meaning of alienation; I was, quite deliberately, being *ad hominem* in showing how ponderous and heavy-handed so-called sociological research can be when it deals mindlessly with ideas.

Mr. Dean, for all his incredible and unmannerly screeching about deceit, still does not understand what I was objecting to, and why I chose his article, with its mimesis of scholarship, for parody. To wit: "alienation," to anyone who knows the history of the idea, has nothing to do with "conflict of norms," or "purposelessness," or some psychological *quatsch.* Rather, it is a process wherein man's consciousness, or his relation to work, or his natural liberty, is sundered; he is thereby rendered "incomplete," deprived of an essential quality of himself. Whether a man is aware of it or not is often irrelevant. Marx, for example, argued that man in the exchange process feels himself to be formally free, as does the Master in Hegel's paradigm of consciousness, but neither of them is free; the one is bound to the fetish that is the commodity, the other's freedom is belied by his bondsman, who alone can achieve objectivity about his circumstances. Asking the subject is not the way to find out about alienation. One has first to make a normative philosophical or historical judgment. If one is interested in the extent of *awareness,* one has to make a distinction between "consciousness" and "false consciousness," but the ensuing discovery whether men are or are not "alienated" is not to be elicited by "subscales" which hopelessly mix up "alienation" with "anomie" (regrettably, an entry on *anomie* in the essay on Sociodicy was cut for reasons of space), and confuse philosophical, sociological and psychological categories of analysis, in order to latch on, for the purposes of proving or disproving an idea, to the tail winds of intellectual fashion.

Mr. Dean's leaden prose (*lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!*) shows how little he understands that before an idea can become a variable, a unit of behavior that can be given mathematical formulation, one has to know the vicissitudes of an idea; only then can one look for its dimensions and indicators. Mr. Dean's pretentiousness about science is a thin gauze over a gaping hole.

Specifically to his case: There is nothing wrong in an investigator's being surprised that a negative correlation or a null hypothesis is confirmed. (The interesting point in all this was that after such very

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ponderous effort, the only correlation he found with alienation was advancing age—a fact that may surprise the young New Left.)

Now if Mr. Dean was only interested in this negative hypothesis, why the heavy scholarly battery fire about alienation and "Apathy, Authoritarianism, Conformity, Cynicism, Hoboism, Political Apathy, Political Hyperactivity, or Personalization in Politics, Prejudice, Privatization, Psychosis, Regression and Suicide," replete with fifteen footnotes and sixteen references, before bringing up his own popgun variable?

Why this pretentious use of scholarly apparatus to bolster a study that, if examined carefully, uses three "subscales" that correlate quite poorly (.41 to .67), on a sample of 1,108 individuals in Columbus, Ohio, with 675 failing to respond and 49 writing unusable replies? In all, Mr. Dean's article devotes fifteen lines to his sample (against four pages of parading the "components" of the term alienation), without any indication of what controls were available, or how representative were his final 384 respondents in the *four,* of *nineteen,* wards that were initially selected.

Is this how one tests a variable? Is this how one judges the meaning—and measurement—of alienation? Or is it the display of secondhand learning to demonstrate that one has "scoured" the relevant literature before beginning one's own "study"?

I do not know Mr. Dean, but he enters the realm of scholarly criticism—even *ad hominem*—when he takes a routine Ph.D. dissertation and tries to get some unwarranted intellectual mileage out of it. Some young scholars unfortunately have not learned that, in their eagerness to publish or perish, they may also perish by publishing.

Miss Victoria L. Rippere writes: A minor, but symptomatic, emendation is called for in Daniel Bell's article, "Sociodicy: A Guide to Modern Usage." Bertolt Brecht's so-called *"Entfremdungseffekt"* should read *"Verfremdungseffekt"* (as in V-effekt). It is also questionable whether this effect is "operative" at all, since it is based on a retrograde faculty psychology, but this is another matter. Its name, in any case, and to avoid complicating an already confused "debate," should be corrected.

Department of German
University College London

Mr. Bell replies: People will not let me have my jokes. I know that Brecht used *Verfremdungseffekt.* Mr. Tynan, Mr. Eslin, Mr. Willett, *et alia,* have drilled that into us often enough. But since Brecht claimed to be a Marxist, I thought he ought to use alienation in the way Marx did in the *Economic-Philosophic Manuscripts*—as *Entfremdung.* Miss Rippere is right about the "retrograde faculty psychology" of Brecht; and that *is* the matter. His *Verfremdungseffekt* derived from Aristotle, and Brecht clearly was fascinated by Aristotle's definition of rational as that which grasps a rule; he wanted to distance the "rational" from the "appetitive." But as a Marxist, he should not have used a "parts of the soul" psychology, but one based on "needs and wants," a theme that he used with good effect in the *fressen* song of the *Three-Penny Opera.* Anyway, Brecht wrote *Lehrstücke* for the masses; I was writing *stücke* for the *Lehrers.*

About Cybernesia

Dr. Leonard Ornstein writes: It's probably a truism that when most scientists (or nonscientists) have, as Roger du Bearn says ["The Feast of Cybernesia," Autumn, 1966], "palavered and pondered . . . 'Do they think? Will they walk and talk? Am I hearing them mutter—or futter?' . . . *et cetera, et cetera* . . . ," they have simply been running at the mouth. The informed humanist, concerned with possible impacts on his own individualism—and that of his

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kids—has, however, to keep in mind the old saw that "where there's smoke, there's fire" if he doesn't want occasionally to discover that he, too, has been nonconstructively—or even destructively—running at the mouth and "holding up the serious business of life."

Useful intuitions among scientists are often presented to the "public" in the "art-form" of the kind of palaver that constituted the bill of fare at The Feast—rather than in the operational language of science—because they *are* intuitions and the scientists are still having difficulties trying to explicate their arguments to themselves and to one another.

Mr. du Bearn is right when he identifies the "definitions of *teaching, knowledge, translation, diagnosis, mind, thinking,* and the rest" as at the heart of the confusion, and fingers the omission of *"meaning, intention,* the *working toward a purpose"* as a crucial collection "which a mind has" and which existing machines largely lack.

He grossly misleads, however, when he asserts that "the machine will not make the *slightest* list or inventory for you if you do not first classify your wretched stuff . . ." and that "Language is not translatable by machine, because language is *not* a code," but is right again (as underscored by Dan Bell's bit on Sociodicy in the same issue) when he adds that language "is not a system of which the parts retain a fixed meaning or function." (Italics here are mine.)

If Mr. du Bearn has the patience to wade through such material as "Computer Learning and the Scientific Method: A Proposed Solution to the Information Theoretical Problem of Meaning" (Ornstein, L., *Jour. Mt. Sinai Hosp., N.Y.C.,* Vol. 32, pp. 437-494, 1965), he'll discover—perhaps to his dismay—that language can be equated to a slowly varying semantic code with numerous ambiguities, and that the operational means for discovering, breaking, generating and tracking such codes is entirely within the capacity of a rather unsophisticated (even if rather large) machine. Along the way, he'll also discover that this will be possible *because* the machine can definitely *classify* raw input for him as a result of explicit simple processes that provide operational definitions for self-*"teaching, knowledge, translation, diagnosis, mind* [?], *thinking* and the rest." These definitions will be found to be reasonably close to those that have "meaning" for him to give him cause to pause. What's even more—programming in some simple (?) hierarchy of self-steering *"purposes"* or goals, topped by one such as "Select that predictive path which leads, with near maximum likelihood, to Humanity's (or Big Brother's) survival!" is probably (intuition) all that's needed to bring the Golem to "life."

I suggest that, given Mr. du Bearn's insights, he has a special responsibility to deal with such happenings as The Feast with sufficient humility (?) to allow the possibility that there may be a smoldering ember (if not yet a real fire) with which we (including Mr. du Bearn) must deal.

Mount Sinai Graduate School
New York, New York

MR. DU BEARN replies: Dr. Ornstein does me too much honor in supposing that I can judge the merits of his mathematical argument about machine translation. A long article he had the kindness to send me in amplification of his letter only confirms my belief that I am unable to follow his numerology, just as he is unable to follow my different but (as I think) more applicable technicalities.

Translation does not consist in bringing to bear increasingly complicated mechanisms on the original text, so as to encompass a larger number of syntactical relations, and thus provide more adaptable equivalents. Any translation that goes beyond the mere gist or drift of a passage must take in an indefinite number of unpredictable aspects of meaning—precisely as original composition does. A distinguished translator has shown in a classic article on the subject that in a certain passage the true equivalent for the word *thirty* in the original is the word *fifty* in the translation. No visible clues exist to such necessities and the need occurs but once.

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Again, in their manual *The Modern Researcher,* Jacques Barzun and Henry Graff demonstrate that the final step in translation is to make sure that "all ideas and implications have found a place somewhere in your version." This necessarily means an *irregular* mode of proceeding, fresh for each text, and not amenable to mechanization, however complex. In short, the act of translating is not that of molding parallels on the contour of a given object; it is the recasting of the object itself—namely successive ideas—in the light of *all that is said and left unsaid* by the original author. Thus irony will never disclose itself through words presented to a machine, and the matching irony will probably not use the same epithets, images or allusions. To translate properly, one must know not merely two languages but two cultures. This is a technicality of the subject.

Of course, it is possible to make the machine work by artificially restricting the vocabulary and meaning of the original to primitive levels. There is little doubt that the Dick-and-Jane reading books are translatable mechanically. But that is not the *Quod* which was to be *demonstrandum.* Rather, it is the danger to discourse that we must avert by declining to let the convenience of the machine dictate our thoughts.

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The Revolving Bookstand .....

James Joyce

FRANK O'CONNOR

An antithesis was to develop in modern Irish literature between Yeats and Joyce, the idealist and the realist, the countryman and the townsman, the dead past and the unborn future.

One might be tempted to describe it as a Protestant-Catholic antithesis if it were not that Trinity College, which represented the Protestant interest, was scarcely more friendly to the revival than was the National (*né* Royal) University. At the same time the tradition that Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory had picked up from Petrie, Ferguson and Standish O'Grady, was largely a Protestant one. It was not only that, of course, because if it had been it would have achieved nothing. It was also the tradition of people who had spent a considerable part of their youth in the country, whereas its opponents were mainly people who by circumstances or inclination were townsmen. The thesis gained strength from its connection with the country, as Yeats realized in later years.

John Synge, I and Augusta Gregory thought
All that we did, all that we said or sung
Must come from contact with the soil, from that
Contact everything Antaeus-like grew strong.

The opposition on the other hand were people who had been driven from their little holdings by landlordism and finally managed to settle in the towns and cities. With a few drinks in, they sang sentimentally of "the valley near Slievenamon" or "the hills of Donegal," but next morning saw them return cheerfully to office and shop. This is not the only thing that reminds us how similar were the positions of Yeats and Joyce in twentieth-century Dublin and those of Shakespeare and Jonson in seventeenth-century London. Shakespeare and Yeats were highly unscholarly men of feeling, full of happy reminiscences of a country childhood; Jonson and Joyce were men of enormous reading and curious scholarship who were happiest in Bartholomew Fair and Nighttown. Shakespeare and Yeats appealed most to the country-bred, Jonson and Joyce to the scholars and townees: for that reason alone Joyce's work swept Americans off their feet. In Ireland, the townees who had managed to acquire some sort of education could scarcely be expected to hail with enthusiasm "a commodious vicus of recirculation" that would put them back exactly where their grandfathers had been in the middle of the nineteenth century.

In fact, the antithesis had a considerably wider scope than I can describe, nor did it entirely neglect the countryside. Edward Martyn's theater of ideas failed miserably, but the practical work of the cooperative societies did not fail altogether until the twenties, and one can still see in ugly Catholic churches throughout the country beautiful glass, although no one can any longer remember the names of the young priests who were responsible for commissioning it. That practical, forward-looking excitement of the period with its subsequent disillusionment is recorded

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✪ This essay* on James Joyce is from *A Short History of Irish Literature* by the late FRANK O'CONNOR, and is printed with the permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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very vividly by one of those enthusiastic young priests, Gerald O'Donovan, in novels that are now almost forgotten.

But to most readers its principal justification must be Joyce. In 1902 at the age of twenty he visited Yeats for the first time, and Yeats was so astonished and amused at his audacity that he recorded the interview.

> Then, putting down his book, he began to explain all his objections to everything I had ever done. Why had I concerned myself with politics, with folklore, with the historical setting of events, and so on? Above all why had I written about ideas, why had I condescended to make generalizations? These things were all the sign of the cooling of the iron, of the fading out of inspiration. I had been puzzled, but now I was confident again. He is from the Royal University, I thought, and he thinks that everything has been settled by Thomas Aquinas, so we need not trouble about it. I have met so many like him. He would probably review my book in the newspapers if I sent it there. But the next moment he spoke of a friend of mine [Oscar Wilde] who after a wild life had turned Catholic on his deathbed. He said that he hoped his conversion was not sincere. He did not like to think that he had been untrue to himself at the end. No, I had not understood him yet.
>
> I had been doing some little plays for our Irish theatre, and had founded them all on emotions or stories that I had got out of folklore. He objected to these particularly and told me that I was deteriorating. I had told him that I had written these plays quite easily and he said that made it quite certain; his own little book owed nothing to anything but his own mind which was much nearer God than folklore.
>
> . . . I said, ". . . The folk life [and back comes Thesis], the country life, is nature with her abundance, but the art life, the town life, is the spirit which is sterile when it is not married to nature. The whole ugliness of the modern world has come from the spread of towns and their ways of thought, and to bring back beauty we must marry the spirit and nature again. When the idea which comes from individual life marries the image that is born from the people, one gets great art, the art of Homer, and of Shakespeare, and of Chartres Cathedral."

There, in a nutshell, are thesis and antithesis, and in 1904, in the same year as *The King's Threshold, On Baile's Strand* and *Spreading the News,* appeared the first three stories of the book we now know as *Dubliners*—"The Sisters," "Eveline" and "After The Race." It is ironic that a country with a dwindling peasant population should have produced the greatest folk art of our time; it is much more ironic that a country whose capital was a provincial hole like Dublin should have produced the masterpieces of urban literature.

Not that Joyce was so staggeringly original as he appears in books by students of Joyce. After all, it was only twelve months before that George Moore had published *The Untilled Field,* and it takes a student of Joyce to ignore a simple fact like that. Moore was the only Irish writer of his time who was in touch with continental fiction. He was the first writer in these kingdoms who realized what it was all about and introduced to English fiction the principles of French naturalism. There is no doubt at all in my mind that Joyce was deeply influenced by him.

But in *The Untilled Field* Moore was working with several disadvantages. First of all he wrote in the main about country people, as Yeats felt proper, and, being an Irish country gentleman, Moore had a good idea of what country people were like. Second, to complicate things still further, he was a Catholic by birth and writing for an ecclesiastical magazine simple stories in simple English which could then be translated into Irish to provide models for young writers in that language. A writer can work under one disadvantage; he cannot work under two, and Yeatsianism and Catholicism are two extremely rigorous codes. One can fit the Yeatsian theories into poetry and drama—both primitive arts; but prose fiction is a modern, critical, urbanized art; and Moore, with the best will in the world, cannot conceal that the countryside dominated spiritually by Yeats and practically by the Church, was merely a place or state of punishment where some souls suffer for a time before they go to America. As his stories went on

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they became wilder in both directions. Moore did not believe in Yeats or the Catholic Church. "They were talking about reviving the Gothic, but Rodney did not believe in their resurrections or in their renaissance. 'The Gael has had his day. The Gael is passing.' "

In one beautiful story, "Home Sickness," a Bowery barman returns to Ireland, falls in love with a local girl and plans to settle down where he belongs, but at last, realizing that all his neighbors are terrorized by a stupid parish priest, he slips back to his New York saloon, leaving the girl and Ireland behind him.

> There is an unchanging, silent life within every man that none knows but himself, and his unchanging, silent life was his memory of Margaret Dirken. The bar-room was forgotten and all that concerned it and the things he saw most clearly were the green hill-side, and the bog lake and the rushes about it, and the greater lake in the distance, and behind it the blue line of wandering hills.

In Joyce as in Moore there is the realization of the prose writer, as opposed to the poet, that there *is* a way out. As an advertisement I once saw in my youth said, "If they don't sell Suxo in your neighbourhood, leave the neighbourhood." The hero of "Home Sickness" feels "He must go away from this place—he must get back to the bar-room." Similarly, Joyce's Eveline feels "If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres." But Joyce's heroine was more trapped than Moore's hero because for her there was no "bog lake and the rushes about it," nothing but a number on a terrace. Joyce is probably the most exclusively urban writer who ever lived. To him "country" was Sandymount Strand two miles from the town center. The figure that in *Ulysses* echoes the artist, Stephen, is Leopold Bloom, because, owing to historical circumstances, the Jews for close on two thousand years have been townsmen. Because of much less drastic, although not less imperative, historical circumstances, Irishmen of Joyce's generation were equally cut off from the country. Whatever figures there were in their mythology, Antaeus was not one of them. Jewish literature is the literature of townsmen, and the greatest Jew of all was James Joyce. Never once in all his work, so far as I know it, do we get a hint of what life was like in Ireland outside of Dublin.

Within the limits of that extraordinary first decade of the twentieth century—roughly between the ages of twenty and thirty—Joyce had written an autobiographical novel and the group of short stories he published as *Dubliners*. It would seem from the portion of the novel that has been preserved under the name of *Stephen Hero* that he wrote about himself very differently from the way he wrote about others. *Stephen Hero* is immature, imitative and hysterical; the early short stories are absurdly mature and clever. At the same time, the novel is deeply felt as nothing in the short stories is felt. I think one can see this best in the Christmas Day scene in *A Portrait of the Artist*. This is almost certainly a passage from *Stephen Hero* which, except for the slight dolling up to fit it into a new attitude to literature required in *A Portrait,* does not seem to have been submitted to much rewriting. It is a moving, angry, eloquent outburst which suggests profound depths of feeling in the characters described. In *Dubliners,* on the other hand, the death of Parnell is treated with an icy, clinical touch. As in most of the other stories there is a deliberate tawdriness of material, which is underlined by the symbolic popping of corks from three stout bottles to suggest the volleys over the hero's grave and a recitation of threadbare sentiment to suggest the funeral march.

How remarkable the contrast between the two episodes is we can see if we imagine "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" as a chapter of *A Portrait of the Artist* or the Christmas Day scene as a short story in *Dubliners*. Nowhere is Joyce more obviously an urban writer than in the brooding emotion with which he deals with himself and his family and the contemptuous detachment with which he deals with everyone else. Intense subjectivity and intense objectivity alternate in his work, and in

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his later work he makes a desperate effort to fuse the two sides of his mind.

What he obviously believed would be the key to this came to him some time during the writing of *Dubliners* for, as I have pointed out in *The Lonely Voice,* the first paragraph of "Two Gallants" and the paragraph describing the harper in the same story—both apparently late additions to the story—are in an entirely new style. This is certainly influenced by Flaubert and Pater, but it is more deliberate and self-conscious than anything they attempted. There is a careful repetition of key words, sometimes with a slight variation of form and order, which is intended to affect the reader subconsciously.

He plucked at the wires heedlessly, glancing quickly from time to time at the face of each new-comer and from time to time, wearily also, at the sky. His harp, too, heedless that her coverings had fallen about her knees, seemed weary alike of the eyes of strangers and of her master's hands. One hand played in the bass the melody of *Silent, O Moyle,* while the other hand careered in the treble after each group of notes. The notes of the air sounded deep and full.

This is the beginning of an entirely new attitude to style not only in Joyce himself but in people like Hemingway and Faulkner who were influenced by him. Up to this, style had represented a relationship between writer and reader concerning the object, which was regarded as a third party. In the new style which Joyce was attempting to fashion, the relationship is between the writer and the object, and it is now the reader who is the third party, present only by courtesy. This is the magical as opposed to the logical approach to language. When we approach language logically, we are always aware that it is a crude and clumsy method of communication. We take something we call a root, stick a preposition by way of a head on it and a suffix by way of a tail and by a sort of gentlemen's agreement agree that it expresses an idea common to all of us. Since the gentlemen's agreement is necessarily vague, the word itself usually changes its meaning within a couple of generations. But when we approach language magically we realize that words like "crash" or "flash" derive in some peculiar way from the object itself, although we have no idea of why two consonants should represent the effect of sound and another two the effect of vision.

Poetry always inclines toward this magical approach to language, and we realize that although the words have a perfectly good logical context, the real meaning is being supplied by unanalyzable collocations of images and sounds. This was the quality that Flaubert and Pater tried to add to prose, but in Joyce the desire for a magical approach to language goes deeper than any aesthetic. It is the passion of a man who had wished to be a Catholic priest, and who is trying to transfer to his idea of the writer everything he valued in his idea of the priest, from the forgiveness of sins to the power of changing bread and wine into the body and blood of Jesus Christ. In Joyce the change in the idea of style from one of a relationship between writer and reader to one of a relationship between writer and object implies the mystery of transubstantiation. This is what V. S. Pritchett really meant when he called Joyce "a mad grammarian" and what I meant when I described his work originally as "a rhetorician's dream."

It was when he reached this point in his development that Joyce threw most of *Stephen Hero* into the fire and began again, with his new attitude to style and form. The rewriting involved a vast reconstruction, and although I think I was the first to point out the peculiarities of this, I cannot pretend that I have ever identified more than a small number of them. One of the peculiarities was that the book seems to be based on Aristotle's *De Anima* and Aquinas' commentary, tracing the development of the individual from babyhood to maturity in terms of physical differentiation and mental and spiritual differentiation, but always in terms of what I called "dissociated metaphor": metaphor that is never apparent and sometimes carefully disguised.

Thus, when Stephen wets the bed, and first it is hot and then cold, Joyce clearly

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differentiates the sense of touch which, according to Aristotle is the primary sense and distinguishes the animal from the vegetable. But the sentence has a further significance for it shows the child as capable of judgment. "The mean is capable of judgment, for it becomes in reference to each of the extremes another extreme. And as that which is to perceive white or black must not itself be actually white or black, but both of these potentially . . . so also in the case of touch it must not be either hot or cold in itself."

The sense of touch is that which predominates throughout the book, and this is emphasized by Joyce's use of verbs. It is never sufficient for him merely to indicate which sense is being dealt with; the significant verb is repeated again and again.

Stephen felt his own face red too, thinking of all the bets about who would get first place in elements, Jack Lawton or he. . . . Then all his eagerness passed away and he felt his face quite cool. He thought his face must be white because it felt so cool.

And again—

And though he trembled with cold and fright to think of the cruel long nails and of the high whistling sound of the cane and of the chill you felt at the end of your shirt when you undressed yourself yet he felt a feeling of queer quiet pleasure inside him to think of the white fattish hands, clean and strong and gentle.

I fancy that the metaphorical construction is represented in the text by a small vocabulary in which certain key words are repeated with the intention of creating a magical aura around the text, particularly words of sensory significance like "feel," "touch" and "hands" in the passages we have been considering, "eyes," "gaze" and "smell" in others. No doubt there are many words used in this way that I have not identified, but one—the word "pass"—is repeatedly introduced, I think to suggest the continuing movement of the individual through time and space. The example of Joyce's mechanistic prose that I gave twenty-five years ago is still the most illuminating for me.

The soft beauty of the Latin word touched with an enchanting touch the dark of the evening with a touch fainter and more persuading than the touch of music or of a woman's hand. The strife of their minds was quelled. The figure of a woman as she appears in the liturgy of the church passed silently through the darkness: a white-robed figure small and slender as a boy, and with a falling girdle. Her voice, frail and high as a boy's, was heard intoning from a distant choir the first words of a woman which pierce the gloom and clamour of the first chanting of the passion.

Et tu cum Jesu Galilaeo eras.

And all hearts were touched and turned to her voice, shining like a young star, shining clearer as the voice intoned the proparoxytone, and more faintly as the cadence died.

In the folds of this style, fire and ice, subjectivity and objectivity, are being merged. Joyce is the most extreme example in literature of the power of insulation. Somewhere in his twenties, with a crude and powerful novel and half a dozen brilliant short stories completed, he left for the continent and returned to Ireland only for brief visits. In exile he began to write in an altogether new way with a complete and self-conscious mastery of his medium. By the time he had finished *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* he was not only better equipped than any writer of his time. He was also the greatest master of rhetoric who has ever lived.

There is no doubt that living abroad made this possible, because not only did each year of exile carry further into the background the anger and grief of his youth, with its loathing of Catholicism and English rule, it kept the material itself from developing along with him. It remained living but imprisoned in a great block of ice. Yeats's material kept on changing as he changed, facing him with new challenges from decade to decade, and precisely at the point when Joyce was beginning to feel full confidence in himself as a writer, Yeats was beginning to lose his.

Strange as it may seem, Joyce's retreat to the continent has much about it that suggests a saint's retreat to the monastery of some enclosed order, and it fed in him

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that element that I have tried to isolate—the element of the would-be priest. For the later Joyce rhetoric was no longer merely a technical exercise; it was a sacrament in which the living substance was to be changed into something different and new.

Joyce's masterpiece, *Ulysses,* seems to have begun life as a short story for *Dubliners* entitled "Mr. Hunter's Day," and it may even then have been remotely based on the story of Ulysses just as "Grace" is supposed to be based on Dante's *Divine Comedy. Dubliners* was a completely objective book as *A Portrait of the Artist* was a completely subjective one, so that *Ulysses* would have carried on the characteristic Joycean alternation of ice and fire, passion and detachment. But somewhere along the way of composition, Joyce revolted against the idea of a large book in the manner of *Dubliners* even with all the new rhetorical devices he had discovered to conceal his schizophrenia, so the character of Stephen Dedalus from *A Portrait of the Artist* was added to the dramatis personae, and at once the conflict in Joyce himself became a conflict that needed to be resolved within the narrative. Joyce skillfully avoided it as long as possible and Bloom and Dedalus meet and pass, meet and pass until at last they are left alone in Nighttown. Then, as in "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" when Mr. Henchy, the worldly old trimmer, suddenly calls to the Parnellite, "Come in, Joe!" the whole drama of *Ulysses* concentrates upon the moment when the Jew forgets himself and calls Dedalus "Stephen." In real life the use of Christian names was a point of etiquette over which Joyce fussed endlessly, and to him it was clearly the indication of a moment of abandonment. In *Ulysses* as in the early story it seems to be a matter that had no great consequences, because all that happens is that Bloom brings Stephen to his home; they have a chat over a cup of cocoa and then separate—so far as the reader knows, forever. As I shall endeavor to show, Stephen and Bloom are one and the same man, a man young and old or a man considered subjectively and objectively, as you prefer to put it.

The book contains eighteen episodes; the first three associated with Stephen in particular, the rest centering mainly on Bloom. But now the technical development has reached what I think we may call a manic stage. Not only is each episode related to a corresponding episode in the *Odyssey*; it is also associated with an organ of the body, an art, a color, a symbol and a literary technique. This is achieved by what I have called "dissociated metaphor," metaphor that is not supposed to be perceived by the reader and that lies concealed in the text in the form of analogies, parallels and puns—principally puns.

The whole process was explained by Mr. Stuart Gilbert in his book on *Ulysses.* He had the advantage of Joyce's assistance, but like other exhibitionists, Joyce not only reveals but conceals, and Mr. Gilbert does not seem to have been informed about some of the most important examples of dissociated metaphor. For instance, in the fourth episode, when we first meet Bloom and his wife, Molly, they represent a modern Ulysses and Penelope, so we find them discussing the transmigration of souls. The metaphor for this is the transmutation of matter, and as matter is transmuted through the intestines of animals, the first line tells us that Bloom "ate with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls." Pursuing the metaphor further, Bloom goes out to buy a kidney for his breakfast—the kidney being the organ symbolized in the chapter—receives a letter from his daughter, Millie, who is improbably employed in a photographer's shop in Mullingar, which is the center of the Irish cattle industry, and so the place where the greatest transmutation of matter occurs, and finally, instead of going to the upstairs water closet, which would have played the deuce with the metaphor, Bloom goes to an earth closet outside the house and returns to earth the matter that will come back as food for cattle and sustain future generations of Ulysseses and Penelopes. It is all almost incredibly neat.

In the sixth episode, "Hades," which describes the funeral to Glasnevin, the

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associations are almost entirely with death, and very remote some of them are. There is, for instance, the word "mortgage" with its echo of the French word for death, and the shop called Todd's, which echoes the German word, *Tod*. The most abstruse I have found is the passage in which Molly looks out at the two dogs copulating in the street and Bloom thinks, "And the sergeant grinning up. She had that cream gown on with the rip she never stitched." Shakespeare's "grim sergeant Death" is easily identified but it is not so easy to understand the gown with the R.I.P. in it.

One of the most amusing episodes is the seventh, "Aeolus," which takes place in a newspaper office. Its organ is the lungs, its art is rhetoric, and its technique is described by Mr. Gilbert as "enthymemic." The *Shorter Oxford* abjures the word, but gives instead "enthymematic," which probably leaves you as wise as it leaves me. Not that it makes much difference, because the technique here as elsewhere is based mainly on puns about the word "wind," from the correspondence column in which a reader solemnly asks, "Dear Mr. Editor, what is a good cure for flatulence?" to Bloom's meditations on "influence," "gale days" and "windfalls."

As entertainment for hospital patients with a long, slow but not too distressing illness, *Ulysses* is insurpassable. Joyce is a wonderful man against whom to pit one's wits, and not only will they fail to notice the days passing, but they will return to ordinary life as well-informed as the editor of an encyclopedia.

But with the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth episodes Joyce begins to run into serious trouble, and with the fourteenth he is in it up to the neck. Ezra Pound was the first person to notice that something had gone wrong, and when he read the "Sirens" episode he commented sourly, "A new style per chapter not required." "Not required" is polite, because a new style per chapter was now becoming the bane of the book. In the eleventh chapter Bloom is with the Sirens in the Ormond Restaurant, in the twelfth with the Cyclops in Davy Byrne's public house, and in the thirteenth with Nausicaa on Sandymount Strand.

The technique of the "Sirens" is described as "Fuga per canonem" ("canon fugue" to you), which, by the nature of canon fugues, it cannot possibly be. At a performance of *Die Walküre* Joyce modestly asked a friend, "Don't you find the musical effects of my Sirens better than Wagner's?" and when the friend rudely said "No," Joyce stamped out of the opera house. So Mr. Gilbert is clearly giving us the Master's view when he says that "the devices of suspension and resolution are frequently employed, as in the passage: 'Upholding the lid he (who?) gazed in the coffin (coffin?) at the oblique triple (piano!) wires.' (Intellection is suspended till the last word resolves the mystery.) Examples of the 'hollow fifth' (*quinto vuoto*) are such words as 'Blmstup', where the thirds, the letters *oo* and *ood ('Bloom stood up')* are omitted, and such sentences as 'Why did she me?' and 'Milly no taste', where the central verb is omitted between subject and object. Thus the hearer of an 'empty fifth' instinctively fills up the gap with a major third."

The only intellection suspended in this passage seems to me to be Mr. Gilbert's. If I am the "hearer" of one of Mr. Gilbert's "empty fifths," I do not instinctively or otherwise fill up the gap with a major third. Here metaphor has ceased to be a servant and become a master. *Oo* and *ood* are not thirds any more than they are kicks, runs or entrechats. Joyce the storyteller is giving up the job and his place is being taken by Joyce the magician, tinkling his little bell and putting another spoon of incense in the censer.

It is interesting to watch the thickening and clotting of the technical processes in those three chapters leading up to the "Oxen of the Sun." "Cyclops" has the marvelous running commentary in Dublin argot that I still reread with delight, ignoring the puns and analogies, but I never allow my eye to stray any longer over the gigantesque parodies with which it is broken up. "Nausicaa" is in a style that Joyce calls "Tumescence and Detumes-

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cence," which is largely a parody of *Home Chat* and *The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart,* and I find it very difficult to get through something that would be amusing enough in the humorous column of a daily newspaper.

But with "The Oxen of the Sun" my patience gives way altogether. Joyce describes its style as "Embryonic Development" and this is symbolized by an anthology of parodies of English prose from Anglo-Saxon to modern American. To begin with, parody is an extremely limited form that appeals almost entirely to the intelligence. It is an aspect of literary criticism, and done supremely well as it is in Housman's "O suitably attired in leather boots" or in a few pieces of Beerbohm's, it gives us a pleasure similar to that which we get from an essay of Matthew Arnold's. But Joyce is a mimic, not a parodist, and scarcely ever does he give me the feeling that he is commenting upon the author he is guying.

Anyhow, this is not my principal objection to the chapter, and here I must refer you to Joyce's play *Exiles.* The hero of this is an imaginary and somewhat flattering self-portrait. It describes an Irish writer, Richard Rowan, who has had a tragic relationship with a pious Catholic mother from which he is trying to break free. At the same time he is trying to procure his wife for his friend, Robert Hand, a journalist who seems to have been modeled on Oliver Gogarty. He reveals this perverted desire to Hand himself.

> Because in the very core of my ignoble heart I longed to be betrayed by you and by her—in the dark, in the night—secretly, meanly, craftily. By you, my best friend, and by her. I longed for that passionately and ignobly, to be dishonoured for ever in love and lust.

As I have explained in *The Mirror in the Roadway,* this is not a unique perversion because we also find it in the work of Dostoevsky and D. H. Lawrence. There I called it the Unnatural Triangle, the triangle in which a man attracted by another man uses the woman he loves for sexual bait and then derives an intense pleasure from imagining the sexual intercourse of friend and mistress. It is not easy to disentangle the complicated threads that make up the obsession, and in all three writers it takes a slightly different form. Of course, all of them have a fundamental homosexuality and a fundamental masochism which is linked with voyeurism. Joyce's masochistic fantasies seem to indicate that it was not enough for him to be himself corrupt in order to free himself from the ties of Christian morality represented by his dead mother; he had to prove his own corruption by depraving someone he loved. The notes to the second edition of *Exiles* seem to describe a situation in which he tried to maneuver his wife into becoming the mistress of an Italian friend and then, by feeding her word-tests, endeavored to discover whether she had in fact deceived him.

But as Dostoevsky's masochism is perceptibly altered by the fact that he was mainly attracted by children, Joyce's is altered by his messianism. It was not only that he tried to maneuver his wife into the position of a physical link with a man who attracted him; he also tried to maneuver the man into the position of Judas. He found no difficulty in discovering Judases; he provided a characteristic paragraph to be added to Gorman's biography of him, which revealed his true identity to the percipient reader. This paragraph is an extraordinary production.

> Several times in Joyce's career this brusque and unexplained attitude of certain admirers of his has taken place. There were at least two instances of it in Dublin—one before he left and one during his last visit there, another in Trieste after he had become famous, and it has happened in Paris also. There is no single explanation so far as these different admirers are concerned that will fit all these cases, but the fact remains that all through his life he seems to have had admiration, both in its spiritual and its material form, spontaneously and suddenly offered him and subsequently just as suddenly transformed into passive or open hostility.

The conclusion is obvious. When in the Nighttown episode Lynch goes out with Kitty we have the revealing phrase. *"Exit Judas. Et laquaeo se suspendit."* When in

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real life the character described under the name of Lynch did commit suicide, Joyce's messianism was clearly justified.

Exiles shows us the true reason that Stephen Dedalus appears in the book at all. Stephen is haunted by his dead mother as Richard Rowan was. Leopold Bloom is obsessed by the desire to be degraded in the degradation of his wife just as Richard Rowan was. Stephen and Bloom are the same person, fire and ice, subjectivity and objectivity; both represent different aspects of the author, and the book is a heroic attempt to reintegrate them. But in "The Oxen of the Sun," the very point where they are drawn together, a violent disturbance is created in the technical processes, and the focal point of the narrative is obliterated in a storm of parodies—most of them inferior ones.

In criticizing any book, particularly a book of such enormous importance as *Ulysses,* one must always ask oneself if what one is complaining of was not actually intended by the writer. It is just possible that Joyce intended his style to grow progressively more clotted from the brilliant opening chapters that describe morning in Dublin. Apparently he told nobody, but if it was not intended, Joyce has become a victim of his own mannerisms; if it was, it seems to me an artistic error of the first magnitude.

The sixteenth chapter, which follows the two chapters in which Stephen and Bloom are getting themselves tight, clearly represents an after-midnight hangover. To suggest this, the technique is described as "Narrative (Old)" to distinguish it from the first chapter of the book, "Narrative (Young)," and the "Calypso" chapter, "Narrative (Mature)." This scarcely means more than that it includes every known form of grammatical, syntactical and verbal error as well as cliché. Old or young, mistakes dragged out at such intolerable length lower a reader's spirit, although our imaginary hospitalized student will find plenty to work on.

The first sentence runs: "Preparatory to anything else Mr. Bloom brushed off the greater bulk of the shavings and handed Stephen the hat and ashplant and bucked him up generally in orthodox Samaritan fashion, which he very badly needed." Our student will, of course, note, along with the grammatical error, that "bulk" is not a quality of shavings and that Samaritans by definition are not orthodox.

The confusion becomes worse in the scientific catechism of the "Ithaca" episode. In the last great chapter, which most of us read carefully at some time for pornographic reasons, we finally discover that Molly Bloom is not only the wife of Leopold Bloom, *and* Penelope: she is also the earth. Like the earth she needs sun, and this is provided by a character whose name is Blazes Boylan. I can only hope that my readers are more capable of detecting the obvious than Joycean scholars are, because so far none of them seems to have done so.

Nothing that I or anyone else can say will change the fact that *Ulysses* is one of the great monuments of Irish literature. What I would suggest to you is that it is at its greatest not in its construction, which is haphazard, nor in its rhetorical experiments which are frequently otiose, but in its description of the poetry of everyday life in Dublin in the first decade of this century; and as that Dublin fades into history, this aspect will seem more and more important. That is to say, the first ten—at most, the first twelve—episodes are what will endure. The streets, the shops, the public houses recorded forever by a man with an uncanny eye and a splendid ear are unique in the literature of the world.

Once, when I was lecturing at a Hundred Best Books college in America, a bright student asked serenely: "Mr. O'Connor, you can hardly deny that faced with the choice between recovering a lost dialogue of Plato's and a description of daily life in Athens at the time, any reasonable man would choose the Platonic dialogue." The question took my breath away for a moment, but at last I was able to reply, "I doubt if there is a classical scholar in the world who wouldn't sacrifice every lost work of Plato's for one single minute by minute description of daily life in Athens." Know-

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ing no Greek, I still do not know whether I was right or wrong, but I know what my own choice would be.

This unique quality of Joyce's work is, I think, what makes it impossible for anyone except a native Irishman—or, as Joyce himself seemed to think, a Jew—to understand what underlies it. It is, as I have said, the antithesis to Yeats's thesis of the return to the country, but it is an antithesis that is conceivable only in Ireland where the population has been forcibly driven off the land into the towns and cities with no prospect of return and with no desire to return. Joyce's Dublin is a walled town of the Middle Ages or, if you prefer it, a sentineled ghetto. And this, it seems to me, is the supreme irony, the perfect example of the operation of a literary dialectic, for it seems that the great monument of urban life does not come from any of the famous cities of the world like Athens, Rome, Paris, London or New York, but from a glorified market town where droves of cattle can still be seen in the streets and which is populated by an imperfectly urbanized peasantry of whom Joyce was one.

This part of Joyce's work, I think, will never date. What will date, and has probably begun to date already, is the spoiled priest, the magician, making passes and muttering spells. I met Joyce once only, after the completion of *Ulysses*, and when I came back to Ireland, Yeats asked, "What did you think of him?" Being young and rude, I replied, "I thought he was as mad as a hatter." Yeats grew angry and said, "You should be ashamed to say such a thing of a great Irish writer," and then I told him the story of the picture of Cork, which has got me into trouble with every admirer of Joyce since Desmond MacCarthy published it twenty-odd years ago. I had admired an old print of Cork in the hallway and wondered what the frame was made of. "That's cork," said Joyce. I said, "I know it's Cork, but what's the frame made of?" "That's cork," Joyce repeated, and it was. Yeats looked at me frowning for quite a while and then tweaked his nose irritably. "You're right, of course," he muttered. "That *is* insanity."

Not that I worried then whether it was or not. Later, it mattered more, when I realized how rare true sanity was. Nowadays Joyce reminds me of the character in one of V. S. Pritchett's stories who keeps on saying, "Of course, I'm only putting God's point of view." Joyce is equally modest. In *A Portrait* he only puts God's point of view about himself; in *Ulysses* God's point of view about life; in *Finnegans Wake* God's point of view about the universe.

Twenty years ago, no one could have dismissed *Finnegans Wake* like that without my rising to defend and expound it. Today, I can do neither—"I cannot pay its tribute of wild tears."

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on so many of the scientific and research activities, have become a political force.

Bell then examines the exponential and revolutionary growth of knowledge, the emergence of new disciplines, the sudden rise of an intellectual technology, and the expansion of research as an organized activity of government. In ten years the critical problem will be, not the generation of monetary, but of human, capital. Bell therefore concludes that we are entering a "post-industrial" society "in which intellectual achievement will be the premium and in which the 'new men' will be the research scientists, mathematicians, economists, et al." Bell does not suggest that intellectuals will be a majority in the new society dominated by intellectual institutions, but that the "basic *innovative* features of the society will derive . . . from the research corporations, the industrial laboratories, the experimental stations, and the universities." The university will soon be at the very center of the emerging society.

As the federal government pays more and more for research in all the sciences, the distinction between public and private education and research is already breaking down. For example, in a school as wealthy and as private as Harvard, the federal government supplied twenty-five percent of the total budget in 1959-60, ninety-five percent of the budget in the division of engineering and applied physics, and sixty-three percent of the research expenses of the physics department. Nationally, Bell reports, about twenty-five percent of the total monies spent each year on higher education comes from federal sources.

And the shift of financial sources from the private to the public sector has altered the nature and quality of research itself. Universities increasingly accept research projects that are tangential to their traditional interests and which direct a larger percentage of their efforts to research rather than teaching. Bell cites the report of Clark Kerr that the University of California spends much less than one-third of its funds on teaching.

These social changes have important consequences for the role of the undergraduate college. First, the emphasis on research has enhanced the power of the graduate schools and the prestige of graduate teaching, and it has degraded undergraduate teaching. Second, the proliferation of professorial roles has resulted in reduced teaching schedules to provide more time for research and public service, and the reduction in teaching has been at the expense of the colleges. Third, young faculty members, realizing that rewards come through publication rather than teaching, are increasingly oriented toward their disciplines and research and frequently ignore their teaching responsibilities.

To these three we must add an ominous fourth: the transformed magnitude of higher education. Whereas in 1870 only fifty-two thousand students, or 1.7 percent of the college age group, were in college, it is anticipated that by 1970 there will be seven million students, or forty-seven percent of the college age group, in college. The historic role of the university in transmitting a traditional culture and a common learning and in educating an elite has been altered beyond recognition.

In the final section of the chapter, Bell reviews the situation in the secondary schools. He records the remarkable success of innovative curricula and teaching in mathematics, physics and biology, the growing emphasis on advance placement, and the improvement of teaching through programs sponsored by foundations. But the disappointing state of instruction in English and the social sciences is also put in the balance. Bell concludes that secondary schools do not significantly anticipate the work of the first two college years. Rejecting encroachment on the college from both secondary schools and graduate schools, Bell emphasizes, by frequent repetition, the importance of four college years as a period "relatively free from adult pressures and responsibilities, in which young people may seek to find out 'who and what they are.'"

Chapter Three, then, provides invaluable information on social and educational change that should not be ignored by

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faculty committees or administrators. Its contents are of equal importance to local, state and national politicians. If Governor Reagan had read this third chapter, it is unlikely that he would have moved with such impetuosity into the affairs of the University of California.

The clear-cut organization of the book breaks down in the fourth chapter. Here Bell states his own educational presuppositions, but he fails to clarify them until Chapter Five when he applies them in proposing revisions of the curriculum of Columbia College. Then he reviews them again in Chapter Six, which is annoyingly although intentionally repetitious. But interesting and important suggestions concerning the nature of knowledge, its modes of acquisition, and the characteristics of suitable curricula abound in these last three chapters, along with several obiter dicta of dubious merit, and a few banalities.

Bell opens Chapter Four like a pragmatist on Mount Sinai: "There is not, I believe, in education—and perhaps not in life—a quota of eternal verities, a set of invariant truths, a single quadrivium and trivium that must be taught to a young man lest he be charged with the failure to be civilized or humane." Bell may be right, but I should like to hear the argument. Is it really true that a man who has not been taught the difference between right and power or the difference between a principle and its application is, nonetheless, fully humane and civilized? And doesn't Bell himself put forth these or similar "eternal verities" when he writes, "The ends of education are many: . . . to acquaint a student with the limits of ambition and the reaches of humility; to realize that no general principle or moral absolute, however strongly it may be rooted in a philosophical tradition, can give an infallible answer to any particular dilemma." My guess is that Bell is so much the sociologist that he fails to notice the philosophical implications and presuppositions of his pronouncements.

Convincingly, if repetitiously, Bell argues that the emphasis in higher education must now be placed on methods and conceptual innovation rather than on factual knowledge, which is subject to rapid obsolescence. There is nothing either novel or helpful about his view that the pattern of knowledge is triadic or that the acquisition of knowledge in the sciences and mathematics is *sequential,* while the pattern of knowledge in the social sciences is primarily of *linkages* and in the humanities largely *concentric.* Nevertheless, Bell makes surprisingly powerful use of these ideas in his examples of third-tier courses. Worthy of extensive imitation is the independent development by departments in Columbia College of multitrack systems within and without the major, which provide alternative sequences of courses for students of varying abilities, interests and accomplishments. But multitrack systems also tend to separate undergraduate from graduate instruction. Bell takes for granted that this separation is desirable. Perhaps he was wise to do so, for he would have a hard time proving its desirability.

Bell's anthology of Talmudic stories, usually relegated to footnotes, provides both comic relief and a compensation for such Edgar Guest-like lapses as "a man earnestly seeking to 'educate himself' is bound to educate his students as well." More serious, however, are the unnecessary dicta that reveal Bell's hidden biases and compromise the soundness of some of his arguments. Bell substantially distorts the nature of all the intellectual disciplines, for example, when he says that "the difference between mathematics and the sciences, on the one hand, and the social sciences and humanities, on the other, is that mathematics and the sciences pose intellectual puzzles, the 'solutions' of which are objective and do not depend upon personal experience." Only if we ignore the history of mathematics, accept the analytic or axiomatic bias, and precipitately reject the intuitionist or constructivist approach to mathematics, can we proceed in this way. I believe it is both dogmatic and naïve to do so.

A related bias may account for Bell's assertion that "one cannot overestimate the

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importance of the computer for the development of intellectual work." The statement is not an obvious truism. Bell means that the computer is exceedingly valuable and important to intellectual work. But this is a gross and dangerous oversimplification, for it is equally true that the computer is a threat to intellectual work that can scarcely be overestimated. While serving recently on a fellowship jury, I was appalled to discover some of the uses to which computers are being put by men who desperately want to *avoid* intellectual work. The most flagrant misuse may be in the indiscriminate storing of information that, for the sake of mankind's unencumbered future, should be lost forever. If the current trend is not opposed, scholars will be retrieving ad infinitum and by the ton, varying combinations of worthless information laboriously stored in the machine. The computer may in our century replace the Delphic Oracle as the most ambivalent and unreliable guide in human affairs.

I am particularly concerned about the influence of the analytic or objective or mathematical bias in the description of courses in the humanities. I was greatly reassured by Bell's statement that the intent of the humanities is "to heighten sensibility (that fusion of intellect and feeling) and to impart a sense of coherence about human experience—heroism, pride, love, loneliness, tragedy, confrontation with death." But does Bell mean what he says here? What can this statement mean in light of his statements about the importance of computers and the objectivity of mathematics and science? Very little, I fear. For students in the humanities, Bell proposes "a third-tier course in the nature of language: the social context and development of language, as exemplified in the older work of Sapir, Bloomfield, and Whorf; the newer classifications put forth in structural linguistics; and the problems of meaning, as developed in philosophical analysis." And for a humanities major, Bell proposes courses "in the history of criticism" . . . "a course in modern literature" . . . "a course in the nature of language . . . and the modern philosophers of language and linguistic rules" . . . and "a literature course in a foreign language." This is *Wissenschaft,* not the humanities. Where is the emphasis on self-reflection? Where is the Socratic questioning—not about structural linguistics—but about virtue and the health of the soul? Where is the inwardness demanded by Kierkegaard's insight that truth is "an objective uncertainty held fast in an appropriation process of the most passionate inwardness." How can a *humanities* course be concerned with knowledge that is of little or no consequence to the self-reflective man? We cannot and we do not want to trim the truth to fit our personal demands; neither do we give a damn for truths that are irrelevant to us. Not if we are humanists! Humanities courses and majors of the sort described by Bell are bound to drive spirited undergraduates into the outstretched and lovingly irrational arms of Norman O. Brown.

How can Bell speak so eloquently of the intent of the humanities and then wholly fail to incorporate that intent in his descriptions of the courses and the major in the humanities? Perhaps because Bell strongly believes "that historical consciousness is the foundation of any education." But the consciousness of one's self and the passionate desire to know oneself—not historical consciousness—is the foundation of education in the humanities. If Bell insists on Sapir, Bloomfield, Whorf and Wittgenstein in the place of Socrates, Epictetus, Kant and Buber, he may just as well resign himself to Norman O. Brown, the "new prophet of the apocalypse." Brown will have the power of Bromios himself in the presence of an analytic philosopher tricked out like Pentheus. But Brown might be reduced to the stature of Cadmus if his opposition were the Apollonian Socrates. In plainer words, relevant irrationality is far more attractive to young minds than irrelevant rationality. Hence, if we would speak to our students we must combine relevance and rationality; instead of striving to be impersonally objective, we must strive to be objectively personal.

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Although Bell's grasp of the humanities is at times unsure, occasionally it is impressively sound. And his understanding of the problems of general education and their solution almost invariably sound. Bell has written one of the most important, most useful, and most beautifully written books on general education of this decade, perhaps of this generation. Nowhere is Bell's wisdom more obvious or the defense of the college more vigorous than in his statement of what the college experience should be for the young student:

> It should be the testing years—the testing of one's self and one's values; the exploration of different fields before settling in to a single one; and the experience of belonging to a common intellectual community in which diverse fields of knowledge are commingled. In short, the college can still be one of the few places of broad intellectual adventure, the place where one can resist, momentarily, the harness that society now seeks to impose at an earlier and earlier stage on its youth.

"A Discourse . . . Fascinating and Disquieting"

THE SAVAGE MIND. *By Claude Lévi-Strauss. University of Chicago Press. $5.95.*

Reviewed by H. STUART HUGHES

Of recent years Claude Lévi-Strauss has emerged as Jean-Paul Sartre's only rival (or successor) in the role of France's leading intellectual. That a professional anthropologist should have attained such fame is unprecedented in the history of any national culture. And it is still more extraordinary in view of the fact that most of Lévi-Strauss's books are extremely difficult to read. The secret of his immense influence, the philosopher Jean Lacroix has written, lies in his talent for "carrying out a rigorous and strictly scientific work, while at the same time reflecting on this work, examining its method, extracting the philosophic elements from it, and remaining through it all a kind of Rousseau, both misanthropic and a friend of mankind, who sometimes dreams of reconciling East and West by completing the economic liberation inherent in Marxism with a spiritual liberation of Buddhist origin."

If Lévi-Strauss's original studies of kinship established his reputation among his professional colleagues, it was not until the appearance of his *Tristes Tropiques* in 1955 (English translation, 1961) that he became known to the general public. *Tristes Tropiques* was at once an autobiography and a philosophical reflection on travel in the manner of an eighteenth-century *moraliste.* Subtle in phraseology, dense in thought, it offered the extended meditation of an ultracivilized Gallic mind on the ways of "savages" whom he had found to be not nearly so unsophisticated as their nakedness and destitution might suggest.

This sympathetic understanding for primitive thought subsequently prompted Lévi-Strauss's most important theoretical work, *La pensée sauvage,* published in France in 1962 and now appearing in English translation. As the sharpest expression of his views he has yet set forth, it has aroused passionate discussion among French social scientists and men of letters. Primitive man, Lévi-Strauss maintains, thinks in an exceedingly complicated fashion; his logic is merely of a different order from the logic of abstract science to which Western man has become accustomed. Still more, the savage thirsts for objective knowledge and is adept at observing the concrete; the systems by which he classifies plants, animals and natural phenomena are detailed and sometimes even intellectually elegant. The results of his speculations are preserved in a "science of the concrete"—the "memory bank" of techniques in agriculture, pottery and the domestication of animals that made possible the beginnings of settled habitation in neolithic times. After that enormous cultural revolution mankind stopped in its tracks—

H. STUART HUGHES has just finished a sequel to his *Consciousness and Society: The Reorientation of European Social Thought 1890-1930.* This new book, dealing with French thought in the period 1930-1960, will be published early next year.

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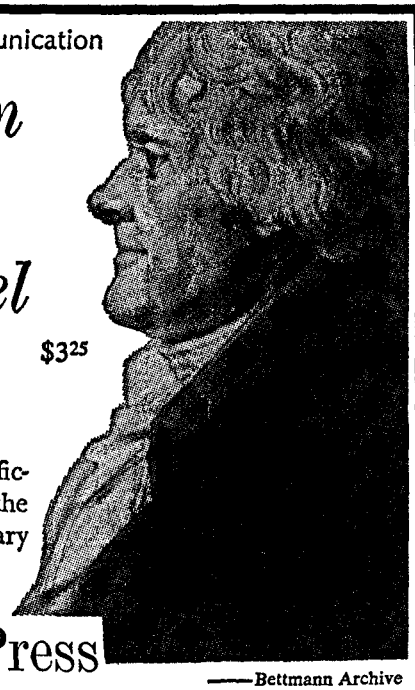

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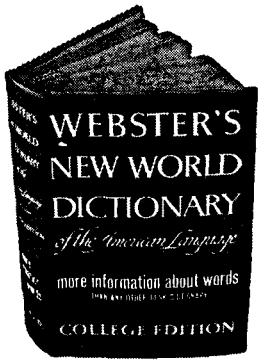

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and most cultures remained there. Even in the West, thousands of years went by before the advent of modern science: the scientific speculation of classical antiquity and the Middle Ages was still neolithic in temper. The only way to explain this "level plain" of "stagnation" is to postulate "two distinct modes of scientific thought"—"one roughly adapted to that of perception and the imagination: the other at a remove from it." The former—the "primitive" science of the concrete—has to its credit the achievements secured ten thousand years ago which still remain "at the basis of our own civilization."

Having thus established the credentials of the savage way of thought, Lévi-Strauss goes on to point out the vestiges of such thinking in contemporary Europe and America. These vestiges are of the sort that the Freudian school of therapy condemns as magical—that is, the conviction of hidden affinities and sympathies between human actions and the world of nature. But the word magic—like everything else in the mental universe of primitive man—holds no terrors for Lévi-Strauss. Magic, too, has its logic: it would be better, he contends, "instead of contrasting magic and science, to compare them as two parallel modes of acquiring knowledge"; the former, unlike abstract scientific thought, postulates a "complete and all-embracing determinism." And once the principles of such determinism have been fully understood, they are found to work rather like a kaleidoscope: they reshuffle bits and pieces of traditional lore into endless variations of basically similar structural patterns; they display both "internal coherence" and a "practically unlimited capacity for extension."

The magical—or totemic—way of thinking is by its nature antihistorical. But it does not deny the category of time: the savage mind simply admits the historical process "as a form without content" from which it withholds genuine belief. Nor does the lack of a sense for history denote some ineradicable inferiority of feeling: an "obstinate fidelity to a past conceived as a timeless model," Lévi-Strauss argues, betrays "no moral or intellectual deficiency

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whatsoever." As opposed to the usual "clumsy distinction" between "peoples without history" and those who think of themselves in historical terms, he prefers to speak of "cold" societies that try to stay in equilibrium and "hot" societies that are forever on the move. Thus a thoroughgoing ethical relativism lies at the end of Lévi-Strauss's search for the principles of primitive thought: in their acute understanding of the plant and animal world, in their sense of an overarching cosmic harmony, those who dwell in the "cold" cultures display a nobility of temper that the superheated West has long ago forgotten.

Finally, the structures the mind of primitive man reveals can be presumed to be universal. Under the lofty scaffolding of modern science, the mental patterns of the contemporary city dweller in the West are much like those of his neolithic ancestor. The task of the anthropologist is to find those patterns—proceeding on the principle that "either everything, or nothing, makes sense." And when they have been sufficiently understood, Lévi-Strauss concludes, "the entire process of human knowledge" will assume "the character of a closed system."

A book as complex as *The Savage Mind* needs to be assessed in terms of the whole corpus of Lévi-Strauss's writing that has preceded and followed it. And such an assessment must of necessity be tentative, since it is quite apparent that Lévi-Strauss still has a great deal to say. Currently he is engaged on a systematic structural analysis of South American myths, a work in four volumes, the first two of which, *Le cru et le cuit* and *Du miel aux cendres*, have appeared in France, with the former scheduled for publication in English next year. To judge by what has come out thus far, Lévi-Strauss's *Mythologiques* will not facilitate the understanding of his writings. Rather the contrary: these volumes, for all the refined analysis that has gone into them, are wordy, hermetic, and precious to a degree that may drive even the best-intentioned reader nearly out of his mind.

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Lévi-Strauss's work. Besides his altogether exceptional feel for the processes of primitive thought, he has been most ingenious in applying the method of contemporary structural linguistics to a "coding" of mythic materials. His aim, he tells us, is to dig below all the other codes or interpretations of human behavior—whether Marxist, psychoanalytic or anything else—to the basic "architecture" of the human mind. And he apparently believes that he has located such an architecture in the recurring patterns of paired opposites that he finds in his myths.

The trouble with this method—quite aside from the closed conceptual universe it presupposes—is that in the end all relationships turn out to be equally meaningful, or perhaps equally lacking in significance. Content matters not at all—only the way the different elements of the content are combined. And even these elements, as in the performance of a computer, are limited to the small number that are capable of unambiguous manipulation. The result, as the philosopher Paul Ricoeur has complained, is a discourse that is at once fascinating and disquieting—an "admirable syntactical arrangement . . . that says nothing."

Thus in one guise Lévi-Strauss can be considered the most extreme and consistent of the students of society who have of late been inaugurating a new and more sophisticated positivist method. But there is also Lévi-Strauss the *philosophe* and heir of Rousseau. If the former incarnation is of greater interest to the world of science, the latter is the source of his attraction for the general public. In this second guise, Lévi-Strauss rises to heights of lyric pathos: despairing of his own profession, he grieves over the defenseless savages whose way of life is disappearing before the investigator's eyes. We who dwell in "hot" societies, he implies, could well take lessons from those who have no truck with change. And the anthropologist—of necessity a conformist abroad, since he resents the inroads of "civilization" on his "primitives"—by the same play of sympathy may be impelled to become a social critic at home.

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In France, Lévi-Strauss regards himself as a member of the intellectual Left; he was one of the celebrated "121" who in 1960 defended the right of civil disobedience in the Algerian War. His conception of freedom, alternately elegiac and utopian, denies the imperative of progress and looks forward to a time when mankind will at length be liberated from the "age-old curse which forced it to enslave men in order to make progress possible."

The Drabness of Poverty

LA VIDA. A Puerto Rican Family in the Culture of Poverty—San Juan and New York. *By Oscar Lewis. Random House. $10.*

Reviewed by KENNETH KENISTON

Oscar Lewis amply deserves the praise that has been bestowed upon *La Vida.* Throughout this vivid portrait of life and "the life" in a Puerto Rican-Spanish Harlem family, Lewis' artistry is everywhere present: in his skillful editing, in his intertwining of narratives, in his juxtaposition of divergent perspectives, in his mixture of coolly objective reports by social workers with passionately subjective narratives by his actors themselves. Yet precisely because of Lewis' virtuosity in composing this portrait, his work subtly represents poverty as more vivid, more passionate and more exciting than it is: in the end, *La Vida* minimizes the ultimate drabness of poverty.

Lewis' organizing theme in *La Vida* is the motif of his previous "nonfiction novels": the iron destiny that locks together the generations of a family. *La Vida* is the story of the links that intertwine Fernanda Ríos, her four children, the previous generation, her grandchildren, her lovers, her clients as a prostitute, and her numerous sons- and daughters-in-law through common law marriage. Re-creating the Ríos family from tape-recorded interviews and

✪ KENNETH KENISTON is author of *The Uncommitted: Alienated Youth in American Society.* He teaches psychiatry in the Yale University Medical School.

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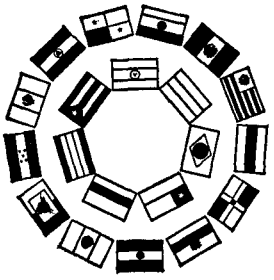

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the notes of his social workers, Lewis continually commands our interest: his sympathy, intelligence and skill never flag; we are never allowed to become bored.

Moreover, Lewis' concept of "the culture of poverty" is a hypothesis of major importance. Many students of the disorganized urban poor in North and Latin America have attributed the values and family structure of Negro poverty to the legacies of slavery in the Americas. Some, like Stanley Elkins, point to the traumatic demoralization of slaves by the concentration camp conditions of plantation life; others emphasize the special preconditions for family survival that result when men and women are treated like chattels. Lewis, in contrast, argues that the culture of poverty emerges whenever primitive or peasant peoples are plunged into sudden contact with a highly industrialized society, deprived of their tribal and rural roots and obliged by economic necessity to live in urban or suburban squalor. Although Lewis explicitly notes the role of historical, regional and national factors in coloring the culture of poverty, he insists that this culture has a common core regardless of whether its members are white or Negro, Asian or African, the grandchildren of slaves or the children of Peruvian Indians. Those of the poor who belong to this special culture are for Lewis less the heirs of historical oppression than the victims of disastrously rapid social and cultural change.

Given the artistry of Lewis the writer and the importance of the ideas of Lewis the scholar, it may seem impertinent to question the accuracy of his portrait of poverty. What could be more realistic, more accurate, closer to the facts than the deadpan notes of social workers and the exactly transcribed narrations of the actors in Lewis' family drama? Surely the tape recorder does not distort; this must be poverty as it *really* is.

Yet like all other art forms that strive for "documentary" realism, Lewis' work depends for its effects on numerous unstated selectivities, which together make his portrait of poverty "interesting," artis-

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tically intriguing and intellectually challenging in a way that poverty itself is not. Like the hand-held camera of *cinéma vérité,* Lewis' mobile tape recorder is but the beginning of a long process of selecting, editing and organizing whose cumulative impact is to deny the ultimate flatness and barrenness of poverty.

Consider first Lewis' selection of one particular family as the focus of his work. Fernanda Ríos and her children clearly qualify for full membership in the culture of poverty. But Fernanda's redoubtable sexuality and vigor are exceptional even in her world: her neighbors consider it unusual and shocking for a woman in her forties to take as her lover an eighteen-year-old boy whom she once diapered. Yet as the central axis of Lewis' narrative, Fernanda, with her special vigor, sensuality, violence, cruelty and passion, invigorates all those whose lives touch hers. Her children show the profound scars both of her vitality and her negligence; desperately seeking to avoid her life and "the life," they have all too compulsively repeated both. One suspects that the choice of this particular woman as the focus of Lewis' work infuses his portrait of poverty with heightened vitality and vividness.

A second selectivity lies in the unstated role of Lewis and his assistants in eliciting the information from which *La Vida* was composed. The interviewer is systematically eliminated from Lewis' text: thus, we never know what was spontaneously offered and what was evoked by questions, nods, or other subtle cues from the interviewer. But in principle we know that in any prolonged research relationship, much of what the subject finally offers or withholds depends on the "transferences" and "countertransferences" that develop between him and his listeners. Most men and women gradually come to offer researchers what the researchers subtly ask of them. What Lewis asked is never clearly stated, but he was undoubtedly interested in that theme of the familial transmission of culture, values and behavior patterns that constitutes the basic motif of his recent works. Would a latter-day Marx or Freud,

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armed with social workers, assistants and tape recorders, have elicited the same information? And how does the information offered to Lewis and his assistants, who must have been seen by the Ríos family as helpful, middle-class and intellectual, differ from that offered to a friend, a lover, an employer or a child? Once again, we can only guess; it seems probable, however, that the impact of Lewis' research group was to encourage structure, organization and coherence in his respondents.

Lewis and his co-workers gathered vast amounts of raw material for *La Vida*. From hundreds of hours of tape recordings of interviews with the Ríos family and those whose lives it touched, and from detailed reports of numerous day-long family visits by social workers, only some were chosen to be transcribed. How were they chosen? We are not told, but presumably Lewis selected those that seemed most dramatic and most impassioned. These selected interviews were then further edited, for verbatim transcripts of interviews, even with highly literate men and women, are almost unintelligible. An additional step of translation to English was required. The result is that the Ríos family as presented in *La Vida* speaks perfectly grammatical English, uses little (and often archaic) slang, speaks in full sentences, uses quotation marks, never says "hmm," "you know" or "ah," and rarely digresses from the subject at hand. Again there is no way of assessing precisely the impact of Lewis and his co-workers in transforming spoken colloquial lower-class Spanish into excellent written English. Yet compared with the unedited transcripts of intelligent, well-organized and articulate college students, the Ríos family is a model of coherence, organization, good grammar and relevancy.

The final selectivity is obvious: from these selected transcripts and records, Lewis composed *La Vida:* six thousand pages of transcripts were cut down into a book of six hundred and sixty-nine pages. The principles of Lewis' selectivity are again unstated, but the focus of his work on the transmission of culture from generation to generation is clear. Could another editor have made of these same transcripts a chronicle of the psychopathology of the Ríos family? Or an indictment of the cruelty of industrial society in dealing with the poor? What if Lewis had chosen the most boring, repetitive, tedious, disorganized and trivial passages in his transcripts? Would his portrait have been therefore less faithful?

To the many selectivities that constitute Lewis' art, most readers will add still another of their own. Lewis' narrative is, among other things, an unbroken chronicle of disaster, tragedy, abandonment, brutality to children, faithlessness, blind self-justification and the inhumanity of man to man and woman. To be sure, Fernanda and her family respond to the continual assaults of life with passion and rage, but they have largely lost (or never been able to develop) the capacity for complexity, subtlety, sensitivity or fine individuation. They are men and women who, in their higher human capacities, have been flattened and numbed: they can no longer react in a complex way. Faced with this

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unrelenting tale of brutality and disaster, we as readers also stop reacting; our feelings, too, become numbed. With relief we turn away from emotional involvement with the relentless sufferings of the Ríos family to the consolations offered us by Lewis' art: to intriguingly disparate recollections of what we know to be the same event; to slowly deepening comprehension of how family destinies and values are compulsively reenacted; to the complex tapestries of love and hatred that unite and divide this family; and (perhaps most ultimately numbing) to a compensatory sense of "how human they remain, despite it all."

What is left out, then—obscured, disguised and denied by Lewis, with the motivated collusion of his readers—is the ugliness, barrenness and boredom of poverty. By choosing a family of unusual passion, by inevitably selective interviewing, by the very brilliance with which he composes, organizes, juxtaposes and edits, Lewis succeeds all too well in constructing an impassioned, intellectually complex and artistically satisfying work. Yet in precisely this respect, *La Vida* is ultimately inaccurate: the unintended consequence of Lewis' art is subtly to help his readers romanticize the poor.

Lewis' literary skill and intellectual originality will be a continuing source of inspiration for students and scholars of poverty. His art attunes us to the color, passion and vitality that survive under the most dehumanizing conditions. His concepts remind us that the poor indeed have values, albeit "different values" from those of the industrious modern middle class. Above all, his portraits of families of poverty make unforgettably immediate the infinitely complex ways the attitudes and liabilities of poverty are transmitted down the generations. Yet poverty is not a problem for any of these reasons. It is a problem because it enfeebles, aborts, undermines, shrivels, flattens and numbs those qualities we deem most highly human. In reading Lewis, we must not confuse the beauty of the portrait with the drabness of the life portrayed.

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The Reader Replies

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—EDITOR

I have just read John Kaplan's piece, "The Assassins," in the Spring SCHOLAR. Without doubt, this article should be made available, by some method, to the general public. Let me tell you why I think this. Everyone does not accept the Warren Commission's *Report.* No one that I know, however, has read it; yet all the specious arguments written by Lane, Epstein, *et alia,* are on everyone's lips. I, who have never swallowed all the slipshod logic of the Warren critics, am considered to be a gullible ass.

I should like, however, to take a few exceptions to this, in every other respect, air-clearing article. Although the left has certainly been guilty of paranoia anent the assassination, and some groups even guilty of arrant stupidity (shown in the statement by SNCC that Kaplan cites), it seems also that everyone else smells a rat. Now this is a fantastic thing. For, to accept the reasoning of Lane and the others, you would have to, at some point, as Kaplan points out, accuse the Warren Commission of being part of the conspiracy. This is a clear-cut case of paranoia, but not only the left is guilty of it. Everyone I know is guilty of it.

I would also differ with Professor Kaplan's blaming the left's bitter hatred for President Johnson as the main cause for the endemic paranoia. No doubt this plays a part. I believe, however, the credibility gap itself, which is engendered by President Johnson and his subalterns, plays the leading role in the perpetuation of this madness. Many people, as American as apple pie, don't believe a word he says.

ROBERT L. BOARDMAN
Franklin Lakes, New Jersey

* * *

If in his article, "Is the Church Obsolete?" [AS: Spring, 1967], William R. Miller's revelations about the whole state of Christ's Church ("It has become irrelevant to assert that Mary was a virgin"; the Creeds "testify to a fundamental mistake in understanding the nature of religious truth"; "The church is a social institution, nothing more") are disquieting, his solution to this melancholy problem ("something derivable from Christianity provides a key to life's meaning") seems even more so.

The experience of Deism in the eighteenth century and of Unitarianism and Ethical Culture in the nineteenth suggests that any attempt to reconstruct Christian ethics on an other than supernatural foundation is doomed to failure; Mr. Miller quotes Bonhoeffer as saying, "Too much altruism is a bore."

If orthodox theology is indeed on the brink of extinction, it seems unlikely that a creedless, cultless humanism is going to save it. Better the intensely human, if now heretical, *Deus est* and *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus* of Roman, Eastern and Anglican Catholicism than the arid austerity of "something derivable from Christianity."

H. W. GLEASON, JR.
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

If William R. Miller is indeed a "lay theologian," I'd like to know in what sense. What he gives us in "Is the Church Obsolete?" is not theology in any believable sense of the word; it is nothing but the plaint of an intelligent, misinformed and rather brash adolescent who is beginning to rebel against a poorly taught "Sunday School" religion. There is the same belief that man's effort to put into words the central facts of his religion are "arid abstractions," the same complaint that they do not arise "naturally" from Jesus' life and message (whoever said that they did without the inclusion of his birth and death?), the same shocked surprise that Christians can be un-Christlike, and the same willingness to be most uncharitable in one's judgment of their motives—self-aggrandizement rather than an excess of zeal for what it seemed to them desperately important that man should understand aright. There is the same irreconcilable claim both to the privilege of radical dissent and to acceptance by the group who care deeply about the thing from which Mr. Miller is dissenting—as if vegetarians ought to invite to their banquets those who maintain the virtues of steak. Like every normal adolescent he dislikes institutions,

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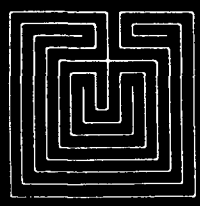

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distrusts all tradition and is calmly sure that his brand of religion—which is, as far as he reveals it, little more than the normal adolescent, rational, humanist ethicism—is both "mature" and the only possible road to religious truth.

The church, it is true, deserves many of his strictures. But, with all its sins it is more than the rigid protector of a system of doctrine Mr. Miller sees it to be. He ignores entirely the possibility that it has really a piece of amazing good news to proclaim and cares that it does so correctly, or that it could possibly have sacramental, worshipful or communal functions. Nor can its divine origin be swept aside so casually as Mr. Miller would like, for this is a claim that it makes by which it should be judged. If this is not true it isn't so much that the church is obsolete as it is that the whole thing is a fraud and that the good news it proclaims is an illusion.

It will be clear that Mr. Miller and I are worlds apart in our belief of what "lay" theology is. He appears to see its "laity" to lie in its freedom from all the traditions, disciplines, and I would say, forgive me, knowledge, that have been in any way associated with the church, while to me my "lay" status means that I have a special knowledge of a part of life that a professional churchman cannot have. I am, therefore, possibly able to consider, in a way that he couldn't, the meaning for this part of life of the Christian claim to possess a living God. This may lead me to recast the claim in other words or even to discover something new about it, but not to ignore its existence, or what others have thought about it.

ALAN KEITH-LUCAS
Alumni Distinguished Professor of Social Work
University of North Carolina

MR. MILLER replies: It was not my intention to offer a solution but, as one who cares deeply about life and who takes Christ seriously, to delineate some of the key problems posed by the crisis in religion. Mr. Gleason refers to "a creedless, cultless humanism" contrived to save orthodox theology. Surely he did not mean what he says. I am not interested in saving orthodox theology by any means. Its time is long past. Nor did I even remotely imply that Deism or other synthetic religions are the answer. But just as Christianity came out of Judaism, perhaps what comes next will grow from the Christian root. Whatever you choose

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to call it, it is already exhibiting many signs of a birth struggle, and it is occurring largely within the church, posing an acute question that formed the crux of my article: Can the church undergo the transformation or will it become a relic of the past or a refuge for mediocrity?

As for Professor Keith-Lucas' letter, it is so clogged with specious assumptions that I hardly know what to say. It is certainly a model of oblique argument that has little to do with what I actually wrote, who I am, what I think or what the generally agreed facts of the case may be. Many of today's theologians, lay or clerical, are less amazed at the "good news" than Professor Keith-Lucas is, and are more concerned to explore both the ancient Gospel and the present condition of man. Counting myself among them, I would say that we care a great deal more about the ostensibly divine purpose of the church than about the church itself. There is no turning back to the church of the first century, and what we have today is a nineteenth-century church that may never make it into the twentieth century. There is nothing sacred about the church as such. It must be known by its fruits, not by its cries of "Lord, Lord!" Other organizations, claiming less, may in fact be truer to Christ than the church itself—and more hospitable to growth. Does it serve Christ's purpose to make excuses for the church's faults? Indeed it does not, and it doesn't do the church any good either. As Jesus said of the sabbath, man was not made for the church; the church was made for man —it is a human enterprise, only as good as its uses. Does the church seriously advance those purposes for which Jesus lived and died? Some Christians do—but the church?

I think both these writers and others might get a better idea of my concern if they consulted my anthology *The New Christianity,* just published, which traces and documents the rise of a challenging alternative to churchly orthodoxy—what some of us call the "Christian underground." It is because of the tension between these voices and the inertia of orthodoxy that one can ask "Is the church obsolete?" rather than assuming that it is. Some of us do not want the church to become a museum of quaint customs. But whether it can be transformed or not, we remain deeply concerned about what it originally stood for and how its message speaks to man today. Rather than making glib assertions about a living God while allowing a dead God to preside over a dying church, we would explore new ways of expressing what is holy, new ideas of Christness. If Tillich's "ultimate reality" or Altizer's "incarnate Word" has hard going in the church, that is because the church is busy conserving its antiques, proclaiming news that is old. If they succeed where the church fails, what then? Even a bishop may decline to go down with the sinking ship. It has not yet come to this, but the church at present is not very seaworthy and it is still accepting tickets to ports of call that are not on today's map. I am not urging that it be scuttled. But I am far from excluding that possibility. Above all, however, we "new Christians" do not wish to settle for ecclesiastical gamesmanship when something as serious as life's meaning is at stake. Right or wrong, in or out of church, adolescent or mature, we shall insist on the freedom to be honest and serious. We can do no other.

* * *

An attitude of long standing, reflected again in Nathan Glazer's "Student Politics in a Democratic Society" [AS: Spring, 1967] disturbs me. This attitude is perhaps most clearly expressed in his phrase, ". . . . the student should learn about all the problems of the society and in effect prepare himself to act in the society."

It would certainly be simpler if we could deal with this and other problems in terms of students *and* society, but five million college students can hardly be considered as insulated from, or as an inconsequential minority within, our society. If there is any encapsulation effect, it seems now largely a function of concentration within an age range (even this is less distinct than it was, because of the "GI Bill" and evening colleges). Geographically, economically, and in other ways, the demographic parameters of "students" overlap more and more with those of other identifiable "groups."

A closely-related assumption, also a part of this attitude, is that a student (or faculty member) can "learn about all the problems of the society" as if he were operating from a removed vantage point. The Heisenberg indeterminancy principle, to which Walter Orr Roberts refers in his excellent article in the same issue, seems relevant here. Just as (unfortunately) we cannot take the temperature of a mass without changing that temperature, so (fortunately) we cannot ask questions about social or political behaviour without influencing it. (And there are a lot of thermometers nowadays.) I don't believe these points affect the soundness of Professor Glazer's conclusions. I hope not, anyway, because I agree with them.

GEORGE DOTY
Troy, New York

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